New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1486 SATURDAY · 5 SEPTEMBER 1959 NINEPENCE

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Mao Shifts the Balance

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S visit is over and we are left none the wiser. Speculation on the content of his talks with Mr Macmillan is largely pointless, and such indications as we were given make it plain that there has been no radical shift of US policy during the European tour. Since the death of Mr Dulles, Eisenhower has become a convert to personal diplomacy. He has no misgivings about his decision to meet Mr Krushchev, and even appears to be looking forward to it. But he is still governed by the Summit 'conditions' laid down by Dulles – a guarantee that some progress will be made on concrete issues – and he will not engage in Summit negotiations (as opposed to general talks) unless Krushchev, while in Washington, shows himself willing to yield ground. Furthermore, to judge by the satisfaction Eisenhower left behind him in Bonn, Dr Adenauer has been assured that the rearmament of Germany will proceed according to plan, and that, from now on, both he and General de Gaulle will be given a larger say in Nato affairs.

So much was expected. The one new element is the situation on the Indian frontier. We do not know the extent of the Chinese incursions, or whether they are likely to continue. But it is already plain that they have produced a momentous shift in Indian opinion, and that for the first time Mr Nehru faces a decisive internal challenge to his policy of non-commitment.

So, where Chinese Communism meets Indian democracy in the Himalayan mountains, history appears to be repeating itself. In the years after the war, Stalin's brutal policy of political aggression drove the nations of western and southern Europe into the western camp. The Marshall Plan, and the economic upsurge it produced, the creation of Nato and German rearmament, the slow decline of the western Communist parties – these were the foreseeable response to a policy of territorial encroachment through subversion. And even six years after Stalin's death, the alternative policy of peaceful competition has failed to redress the balance. It was Stalin who threw away Communism's chance in Europe.

Is Mao-Tse-tung about to make the same mistake in Asia? Just why he should decide to turn India, his friendly neighbour and international backer, into an angry nest of wasps is a matter of speculation. His decision may arise from the trouble he has created for himself by his unnecessary and continuing violence in Tibet. Its inevitable effect is to drive India, and perhaps other Asian countries towards the West and so make more likely that fatal polarisation of the world which Mr Nehru for 12 years has struggled to avoid. In the West, there has been some thoughtless rejoicing at this possibility. In fact, it is unlikely that a succession of uncommitted nations, scurrying for cover under the western military umbrella, would bring the West an accession of strength. The prospect of more weak and divided feudal states, sustained only by US arms and dollars, offers no hope of permanent stability in these areas. It is undoubtedly in our interest that the Nehru experiment should be allowed to continue, and that it should become the successful pattern of growth in ex-colonial and developing territories.

But some movement towards the West is now assured. It need not be dangerous, provided two conditions are fulfilled. First, the solution of the outstanding colonial problems in Africa becomes even more urgent. If the free governments of Asia find they must form closer relations with the West, and if at the same time they are to retain the confidence of their peoples, the West must demonstrate that it will accept the coloured races on terms of political equality everywhere – and not just in the militarily profitable Cold War areas.

Secondly, and this is of equal importance, the West must return to the original conception of the Marshall Plan – of economic aid without strings. The new international loan agency – due to be formed next month – is a small step in the right direction. We should make it bolder. And, since the terms of the new agency meet most of the previous Soviet objections to joining in such schemes, Mr Krushchev may find it in his interest to participate. After all, he – if not Mao – has learnt something from Stalin's blunders.

Comments on the Week's News

Gate-crasher from Madrid

The Times did well to mark the uninvited arrival in London of Señor Castiella, Franco's Foreign Minister, by publishing a dispatch describing the disgraceful conditions in a prison outside Burgos which houses 400 political convicts. Many similar reports which have reached this office in recent months indicate (1) that, as the basis of his regime weakens, Franco is stepping up the range and savagery of the political persecutions; (2) that recent police drives have concentrated on young people, particularly middle-class students; (3) that torture is regularly employed. The Foreign Office is well aware of this, being kept informed in detail of recent cases by the Madrid embassy. Nevertheless, when it discovered, ten days ago, that the State Department had arranged for Castiella to see President Eisenhower while the latter was in London, it not only accepted this gross breach of protocol without protest, but promptly arranged for Castiella to see Mr Selwyn Lloyd also. Mr Lloyd's stomach is notoriously strong, but even he might have hesitated to extend courtesy to an openly-proclaimed supporter of the Axis, whose virulent anti-British writings are still in print, and who has frequently and in public called for the Spanish occupation of Gibraltar. Castiella has thus established himself as one of the western European statesmen whom Eisenhower has 'consulted' before his meetings with Krushchev; coming on top of Spain's recent admission to OEEC, this marks an important advance in the march of the Franco regime towards 'respectability'—and ultimately towards membership of Nato. Significantly, the *Osservatore della Domenica*—the organ of the 'Stalinist' die-hards in the Vatican—decided to celebrate the event by drawing a sharp distinction between the Spanish police regime and the totalitarian Communist states. So long as the Church is not persecuted, stated this paper, the nature of the regime in any country is a matter of indifference to the Vatican. This is bad doctrine. It ignores the real situation in Spain, where the liberal wing of the Church is being persecuted; and it cannot even represent the views of the Spanish hierarchy, which is now neutral or hostile towards Franco. Does it really appear with the authority of the Pope? Is it to be taken to have universal application?

Counting Heads

Mr Colin Hurry has now completed his strange poll on 'nationalisation' for his unnamed clients, and he claims to have counted sufficient heads to prove that 'the imposition of further measures of nationalisation would be contrary to the national will and, therefore, undemocratic'. There are such sweeping assumptions in this one sentence that it is not surprising that the British Market Research Bureau Ltd., a body with unchallengeable standards in opinion sampling, withdrew from the survey in January, leaving most of the job to be done by one of Mr Hurry's subsidiary companies. What we are now given is a summary of some answers offered by some residents in marginal constituencies. The fact that there are a lot of them is impressive for propaganda purposes, but numbers alone do not make a poll a valid survey of opinion – especially if the questions are loaded. Mr Hurry's final total, therefore, represents nothing more than the views of one informant in 60 per cent. of the households in 129 constituencies: we have his word for it that differences of opinion within each household are statistically insignificant, and that the 40 per cent. unpolled would not affect the result. Some 1.6 million people expressed a view one way or the other: in all, 18 per cent. wanted more nationalisation and 63 per cent. wanted to call a halt. But among avowed Labour supporters, opinion was more evenly divided. Some 36 per cent. wanted more nationalisation, and 41 per cent. wanted no more. A really detached observer, weighing up the crudities of this survey and the years of misrepresentation of the nationalised industries, might be surprised that there is still so much support for public ownership. Mr Hurry, moreover, was asking people for their views about an abstract and emotive word, rather than probing carefully into their attitude towards specific industries. What makes all his labour seem farcical is his discovery that barely one person in 15 whom he questioned thought nationalisation an important issue. People were far more concerned about the cost of living, full employment and pensions.

More Trouble at BMC

Specifically the cause of this week's unofficial strike by 102 members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union at Morris Motors, Birmingham, was a demand for an extra 6d. an hour in the temporary rate fixed for work on the BMC's new, much-publicised 'baby' cars. The production of a new model often leads to a trial of strength like this on the shop floor – as it did recently with the Triumph Herald. But this latest strike, coming only three weeks after the Cowley dispute, suggests once again that something is wrong with labour relations at BMC. Inevitably in the reorganisation of such a vast enterprise a certain amount of difficulty is expected; the complications of piece rates, especially on new models, is almost bound to create some friction. Even so, this does not explain why at BMC there should be such frequent expressions of hostility on both sides. Some works have worse records than others. In the current dispute the management are not altogether to blame although they might have done more to meet the men's demands earlier: tension also exists among the unions, notably between the AEU and the Transport and General Workers, and between the official union leadership and the shop stewards. There is indeed a case for special measures at BMC, which is one of the largest vehicle producers in the world. One step could be to create an *ad hoc* body from both sides of the industry which could take a broader look at the complex problems of BMC as a whole – not merely of the individual works – and devise means of improving its labour relations.

Co-op Candidates

Press reports of new differences between the Labour and Co-operative Parties seem to be either mischievous or inaccurate. In fact, the recent agreement, which limited the total of Co-op candidates at the next election, is working well, and relations between the two parties are better than they have been for some time past. There have, it is true, been some departures from the original agreement, but these have been by mutual consent. In Ayrshire and Bute, where the Tory member, Sir Thomas Moore, has a majority of over 6,000, the Co-operative Party asked for permission (under Clause 11 of the agreement) to make a nomination. There are only three Co-operative candidates in Scotland, all of them sitting members, and the Co-operative Party argued convincingly to Transport House that it wished to give financial and organisational support to at least one constituency where Labour is fighting an uphill struggle. In Battersea South, once held by Mrs Ganley as a Co-operative MP, the Co-operative nominee has been selected. But this choice only brought the number up to the original total of 30, since at Tottenham the successor to Sir Fred Messer (a lifelong Co-op MP) will not be a Co-operative nominee. Finally, in Grimsby, Mr Crosland was nominated by the local Co-operative Party, but he is unsponsored and he will run as a straight Labour candidate. The local Co-operative Party was merely exercising the right of nomination enjoyed by any locally affiliated body. No doubt other Co-operative parties or guilds will make use of this right in the future. But any candidate thus nominated will not receive financial support from the Co-operative Party or sit as a member of the Co-op group in the House of Commons, any more than rank-and-file trade unionists who get elected are considered to be trade union MPs. It is foolish to suggest that these routine arrangements are causing resentment among the unions.

Disciplining Journalists

Lord Birkett has given some wise guidance to the journalists on the *Derby Evening Telegraph* who are protesting that, by summoning before a complaints committee those members who had remained at work on a paper officially declared 'black' during the printing dispute, the National Union of Journalists had broken the 'no-victimisation' agreement. While observing that the imposition of excessive penalties by the union would clearly amount to victimisation, he says that during the discussions it was understood that the unions would need to maintain discipline by taking action where their rules had been broken. It was to ensure that any such action did not cross the border between internal discipline and victimisation that provision had been made in the agreement for joint regional committees to act as arbitrators. This clearly suggests that the NUJ is within the letter and spirit of the agreement in summoning the individual members of the *Telegraph's* NUJ chapel who worked, and that the latter's correct course is to take action, through the regional committee, only if any penalties which may be imposed seem unconscionable. The issue, however, is not merely of local significance. It highlights the inevitable difficulty facing a union which tries to organise journalists, many of whom think that trade unionism is beneath their dignity. Indeed, even the most ardent trade unionists in the profession recognise that the conventional practices of industrial trade unionism cannot be applied to their particular circumstances, and they usually feel a high degree of personal involvement in the fortunes of the paper they serve. If the NUJ in these circumstances presses too hard its right to discipline, it may run into serious difficulties – not merely in Derby. Yet if it imposes no discipline at all, it may discourage those members who loyally accepted its rulings.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Congress Falls Short

This session of Congress, now close to adjournment, has been a severe disappointment to liberals. After last November's election gave the Democrats their biggest majority in twenty years, it had been expected that there would be some measurable progress on the many domestic issues that have been stalemated for a decade or more, among them proposals for federal aid to education, expansion of slum clearance programmes, the agricultural surplus and labour and tax reforms. None of these expectations has been borne out.

The loss in the House of the fair, moderate bill to correct the financial abuses of the minority of thieving labour union officials has been the latest and most serious loss. In place of the moderate bill piloted through the Senate, the House adopted a far more drastically restrictive and punitive bill sponsored by two obscure members of the renascent conservative coalition, Mr Landrum of Georgia, a Democrat, and Mr Griffin of Michigan, a Republican. This was the bill desired by the big business organisations, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce. The victory was made possible by the defection of 92 Democrats, all but three of them from the South. The effect of this struggle was to sharpen further the long-existing cleavage within the Democratic Party between the liberals of the North and West, orientated towards labour, and the anti-union conservatives of the South.

The bill passed by the House, although a keen disappointment to officials of the big unions, would not seriously hamper the effectiveness of the unions in the mass industries such as steel, automobiles, and coal. Its main victims would be the non-unionised workers in the newly industrialised southern states. These states have for more than a generation lured industries away from the older industrial areas by offering cheap labour and lower taxes. Most of the southern states do not have minimum wage laws, compulsory workmen's compensation insurance covering accidents, and other welfare safeguards. Unions had made some progress in unionising the South and in narrowing the wage gap until the racial segregation controversy brought fresh complexities to their task. Business groups have meanwhile strengthened their defences by pushing through state 'right to work' laws which, contrary to their title, have nothing to do with guaranteeing the right to work but instead make it illegal for unions to insist that workers, once hired by management, join the union as a condition of holding their jobs. The Landrum-Griffin Bill, by its tight restrictions on organisational picketing, makes it harder yet to organise a union and conduct an effective strike to win legal recognition.

Congress has once again failed to pass any legislation providing financial aid from the federal government for local school districts. This is probably the nation's most serious problem. There has been a long continuing shortage of classrooms to accommodate the children born in the country's fantastic 'baby boom' during and since World War II. Approximately three million youngsters are added to the nation's school population each year. Children in many school districts are sent to school in shifts, one-half in the morning and one-half in the afternoon, to make maximum use of facilities which are often ancient, crowded, and by modern standards poorly planned. These children are being short-changed on their education since it is impossible to teach them a full curriculum in a four-and-one-half-hour shift. Schoolteachers' salaries have meanwhile failed badly to keep pace with the inflation. The teaching profession suffers an invisible, steady decline in the quality of its new members because it has become such an economically disadvantaged career.

Federal aid is the only solution because the states and the local school districts draw their revenues from real estate taxes and sales taxes, both of which are levies that have been raised about as high as they can economically go. Only the federal government, which taxes business profits and private incomes, has sources of growing revenue to meet the school problem.

There is probably a majority in both houses of Congress to pass a school aid plan. It has consistently failed for a variety of reasons. In 1956 and again in 1957, President Eisenhower, notwithstanding his *pro forma* protestations of support, connived in killing the bill. The southern support for it has since dwindled because Dixie politicians fear federal funds would be used to finance racial desegregation. The Roman Catholic Church also poses a difficulty because while some Catholics are seeking loans or some other form of government assistance to church schools, a group of professional anti-Catholics are pushing a provocative amendment forever barring any form of assistance.

A path out of this place of tangled racial, religious, philosophical, and financial claims and fears could probably be found but it would require a higher order of creative political leadership from the Democratic Party's congressional leadership than either has yet demonstrated.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

'I wonder how poor old Ike's getting on with his friends'

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York

The Social Animal

While the international rocket experts at the Astronautical Congress in London were devising ways of quitting this planet, the British Association at York was agreeing with its president, Sir James Gray, that the proper study of mankind is man. He was addressing himself to the problems of the survival of the human race within the confines of the planet Earth. As he said, in his presidential address: 'As soon as man learns to discipline himself to the fact that his environment is now world-wide, he can begin to direct the course of his own evolution without the discomforts of overpopulation. If he fails to realise his powers and allows things to drift, his future seems dark; if he bestirs himself, there is no need to be afraid.' He added: 'We shall not make much impression on public opinion so long as men's minds are biased by fear and suspicion. Frightened or angry men, like frightened or angry animals, cannot be trusted to react wisely. There is not the slightest doubt that the discoveries of physics have frightened mankind and there are far too many intelligent people looking askance at Science and wondering where it is leading.' These words indicate the modern purpose of the British Association – to concern itself with the enlightenment of the unscientific, so that they can make the proper judgments about the uses of science, instead of leaving the scientists to confront us with frightening *faits accomplis*. It is also concerning itself with the proper enlightenment of the scientist about the wider meaning and needs of society.

This week's presidential address will probably remain a classic. Here was a distinguished biologist illustrating the meaning of Man from the processes of evolution and urging him to use the brain and judgment which distinguish him from the beasts. Sir James pointed out that the human race was nature's second experiment in the design of social animals. The first was carried out in mesozoic times, when man's mammalian ancestors were beginning to emerge from reptiles. That experiment remains today in the social insects, notably the ants. In the ant world there is an uncomfortable parallel with human society. At one extreme there are species of ants forming small communities, exhibiting little sub-division of labour between individuals. At the other extreme are large aggressive communities, with a marked differentiation of structure between different grades of individuals. Populations of this type display high levels of co-operative effort involving, in some cases, the rudiments of agriculture and husbandry. They are organised on straightforward totalitarian lines, the contribution which each individual ant makes being determined at the time of birth. Each is adapted for predetermined tasks. Ants are the only organisms – apart from men – which indulge in organised warfare. And Sir James compared their killing of other ants with a smell slightly different from their own to the colour bar among human beings. But, he pointed out, the brain of an ant is about the size of a pin. How can a man with a brain of an entirely different order of complexity react violently to individuals with skin pigments slightly different from his own? Today, man's brain can enable him to control his environment and to deal rationally with the subdivision of labour between individuals and the distribution of natural resources between different groups. Different races of mankind can interbreed (as the warring species of ants cannot do) or they can, if they wish, come to mutual agreement about the sharing of resources between different nations.

While the programme at York includes space travel and the spectacular advances of the sciences, the aim of the British Association today, emphasised by its president, is to reconcile science and the humanities and to prove that scientists are social beings after all.

RITCHIE CALDER

Beirut

No Room at the Bottom

Our Beirut Correspondent writes: The recommendations of the meeting of Arab experts at Sofar in Lebanon to discuss the Hammarskjold plan for the refugees are likely to be endorsed by the Casablanca conference of Arab foreign ministers. These resolutions constitute an outright rejection of the Hammarskjold plan, broadly speaking on the ground that no economic solution of the problem can be found without a political solution, which for the Arabs means a return to the UN partition plan for Palestine. But the apparent unity conceals undercurrents of uneasiness. The Lebanese are the more intransigent on the subject of the economic integration of the refugees into the Arab countries, because if the 120,000 refugees now on Lebanese soil were to be absorbed into the country the delicate confessional balance between Christians and Muslims would be destroyed. (The great majority of the refugees are Muslims.) The Lebanese suspect the Egyptians of secretly approving of Hammarskjold's proposals for economic integration with the great injection of capital into the Middle East which they would involve. Nasser is now concentrating most of his energies on the industrialisation and economic development of both Egypt and Syria; and in spite of Soviet, German and Japanese loans, he urgently needs more capital. The Egyptians have broken with Hajj Amin Husseini, whom they accuse of wanting

to set up a Palestinian government 'with the aid of a foreign power'. The Egyptians and Saudis are reported to have agreed instead that a government-in-exile on the Algerian model should be established with headquarters in Cairo or Gaza under the leadership of Ahmad Shukairi, a Saudi official of Palestinian origin, who would presumably be more amenable than Husseini. Meanwhile, any plans to make the West Bank of Jordan into a nucleus for a revanchist Arab Palestinian state have been blocked by King Hussein's decision to hold a meeting of his cabinet in Jerusalem, which he says will one day replace Amman as the capital. It used to be taken for granted that Hussein would like to be rid of the West Bank and its troublesome population of ex-Palestinians, who have little loyalty to a Hashemite crown, but he clearly now thinks he can handle them and has no intention of returning to the frontiers of his grandfather's Bedouin kingdom.

All the Arab leaders realise that since UNRWA's mandate ends in 1960 they must produce some alternative plan. It is unlikely that the UN would cut off all aid to the refugees and let them starve, but the Arabs are aware that on this matter they have a bad press. Most of the world believes that the Arab rulers want to keep the refugees in their camps as political bargaining counters. The Arabs can point out in reply to this that every independent inquiry into refugee opinion shows that the younger generation of refugees are even more fiercely determined to return to the homes of their ancestors than their parents.

Fleet Street

Public Irrelevances

Everybody loves Ike. But not everybody, I fear, loves Jim Hagerty, or for that matter Peter Hope, our man in Carlton House Terrace, or even Harold Evans, Mr Macmillan's mouthpiece. This is perhaps a bit hard on Messrs Hagerty, Evans and Hope. But under the direction of Mr Hagerty, 'the most powerful press officer in history', nothing in fact had been overlooked – except the fact that when they descended from heaven twice daily it would be useful if the trinity had something to reveal. If it wasn't that Mr Eisenhower is such a very nice man, and that the ordinary folk of London so obviously liked him, the whole thing might have turned sour.

Revolt came to a head on Monday when, queasy stomachs already heaving considerably on a diet of gin (real) and custard (synthetic), finally turned after a session concerned entirely with what Mr Eisenhower and Mr Macmillan had had for lunch, the fact that they'd drunk with it a white Burgundy (1955) and a claret also 1955 (all names spelt out to help the illiterate chaps to kid their editors that they were men of the world), the fact that when they drove to Oxford there was 'a considerable amount of sunlight and a little cloud' and that Mr Eisenhower had liked a Holbein (H-O-L-B-E-I-N) painting of the first Marquis of Buckingham which Mr Macmillan had shown him. At this stage Mr Hugh Pilcher, the political correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, rose up from his chair and asked nastily if Mr Hagerty or someone could tell him what he and all these other newspaper correspondents were supposed to be there for. Mr Hagerty was astonished. Clearly such things never happen at the White House. He looked at the massed ranks of the White House corps, his palace guard. And then something happened – an event almost as significant as the day in 1917 when the Cossacks joined the rioting crowds instead of shooting them. Instead of striking Mr Pilcher down the White House correspondents clapped him. So did all the rest of the 400. It was a moment to try men's souls – and even, perhaps to make them ask what public relations is about. The fact is that the whole of this elaborate mechanism had been set up without anyone of those concerned ever stopping to ask himself whether it would be ever possible to give one piece of news that would justify the attendance of even the most junior cub-reporter.

For a time the faithful 400 were kept going with the hope that in due time when the great men had talked and thought there would be press conferences – a White House Press Conference in fact. But no. This, explained Mr Hagerty, would not be required because Mr Eisenhower and Mr Macmillan would appear on television and tell the people themselves without benefit of newspapers, which, owing to the miracle of electronics, would be able to get the news at the same time as everyone else. Baffled but still fighting, the press then asked if Mr Hagerty himself would be available after the television performance to explain the significance – if any – of what the President said. No, said Mr Hagerty, he wouldn't. He'd been invited to the dinner. This put him ahead of Mr Evans and Mr Hope who hadn't, but it got no one else anywhere. Nor, for that matter, did the television performance when it came. 'It could at times,' remarked *The Guardian* the day after, 'have been mistaken for one of Radio Luxemburg's Revival Hours,' and it added: 'Nor did the Prime Minister seem to be exactly happy at having to do all his own commercials.' Still one can't deny the press was given *some* news. 'Altogether 25 BBC technicians were on the job,' reported the *Daily Telegraph*, 'eight of them being in the drawing room wearing dinner jackets.'

All this has its serious side. No doubt much of the press on both sides of the Atlantic has no one but itself to blame for being treated as if all it were concerned about when issues of world importance is in the air is silly little tittle-tattle. The depths to which the public relations attitude went on this occasion and the contempt shown for those seriously interested in what was afoot are significant and shocking. As *The Times* said on Wednesday: 'The television cameras may offer an escape from awkward questions. They give little satisfaction to the serious student of affairs. There were moments on Monday evening when benevolent Big Brother did not seem so very far away'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

India Reacts

RASHLY, Nehru used the word 'aggression' to describe Chinese movements on the north-east frontier. He quickly substituted the words 'incursion' and 'intrusion into Indian territory', and added that 'he could not say what lay behind these moves, but could not imagine that they were precursors to anything more serious'. Naturally, the world press seized on the word that implies a deliberate act of war, and did not notice the subsequent correction.

What is clear is that Chou En-lai has broken faith with Nehru; he had intimated to both the Indian and Burmese premiers that he would accept the McMahon Line with only trivial modifications. The Line is, in fact, no more than a notional frontier drawn by the British in 1913, and never accepted by China. Indian and Chinese troops have long fought with each other for possession of isolated outposts. There are villages, for instance, perched on the shoulders of mountains where, when the snows melt, it is a question of who gets in first, the Indian or the Tibetan graziers, just as it was once the British or the Tibetans. The new fact, therefore, is that the Chinese have infiltrated, on a considerable scale, into areas which have long been accepted as under India and which, in spite of repeated protests from Delhi, the Chinese insist on unilaterally assuming are part of China. Chou En-lai, in short, has treated as of no account his friendship with India which was the central feature of Nehru's foreign policy. Inevitably, Nehru is chagrined, and India deeply alarmed; the General Staff is anxious to take more effective measures of defence and the rest of the world is compelled to speculate about Peking's intentions.

Has China begun a campaign of expansion? Or is Chou En-lai merely chasing Tibetan fighters through these remote passes? This, if he desires, may give him an excuse. The Dalai Lama has vehemently condemned China's violence in Tibet and his words, reinforced by the experience of refugees, must have had their effect in frontier states where the population is itself largely Tibetan. This may, for the time being, be all. Rumours of actual threats to Bhutan appear to be unfounded. But, inevitably, Asia and West are compelled to ask whether Communist China intends, as rumour has it, to include all the Mongolian populations 'within the Chinese family', whether it seeks a colonial outlet for its vast population, or welcomes a military diversion against 'capitalist India' at a time when Peking is compelled to revise extravagant promises of of its already, by any standards, very impressive economic development.

Reaction is inevitable in India. Socialists, once disciples of Satyagraha, are bellicose. Krishna Menon is a principal object of attack; his politics have never been certain; Congress regards him as too much to the left of the Prime Minister. Service chiefs, anxious about defence, accuse him of playing politics in the matter of promotions. Nehru, while defending Menon, has persuaded the very able Commander-in-Chief to withdraw his threatened resignation. One result is that Indian opinion may be more ready to settle with Pakistan. The prearranged meeting of President Ayub and Nehru has come at a convenient moment. They hope to settle minor difficulties, and even perhaps the main issue of the Canal Waters. Common fears may heal ancient animosities.

China, unless her habits of diplomacy have changed out of all recognition, may decide that she has probed too far. The project, if indeed it is in Chou En-lai's mind, of expanding over the Himalayas, will be postponed, just as the promise of again occupying Formosa and the off-shore islands has been put off until a more appropriate moment.

Less than a century ago the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, gave this advice about the way to deal with China: 'Feel your way and, when you come against anything hard, draw back'. His advice was often followed by the British. But today it is the Chinese troops who are 'feeling their way', and all the indications from India are that it is Peking which is likely to come up against 'something hard' and which will draw back.

The Party Line on Leisure

THE pamphlet published by the Conservative Political Centre is called *The Challenge of Leisure*. It is brief, very nicely produced, and suggests a dead mouse arriving on a silver tray. The use of leisure, it tells us, has become a question of national importance, first, because young people have now more money, time and energy to spare, and, secondly, because the 'scientific revolution' will continue to shorten working hours and to heighten standards of living. All this must be accepted as a challenge to the Conservative 'long tradition of empirical philanthropy'—the only startling phrase in the whole document. A National Youth Council should be set up, and more money allotted to the Youth Service. There should be increased grants for the encouragement of physical recreation, and under Royal Charter a Sports Council of Great Britain should be established. We should give more money to the Arts and British Councils, create a National Theatre Company, not restricted to London, plan a ten-year programme for the national museums and galleries, and meet the immediate needs of provincial museums and galleries, by a five-year emergency fund of £75,000 a year.

Apart from a peroration about leisure making a challenge to the human spirit and 'Athens, in her Golden Age', that's the lot. There is nothing much wrong with these proposals, so far as they go, but if the Tories believe in them, why has so little been done by this Tory government after all these years? If it cannot afford to make these further and still modest grants, then why does it tell us the country is blazing and bursting with prosperity? If it has done so little because it does not care, then why should it begin to care after it has won the election? What is the point of this timid and dreary pamphlet? It will not capture the intelligent young, and the unintelligent will not read it. Even as floating voters' bait, it is not worth the ninepence asked for it. Its chief value is as a curiosity—nine Tory backbenchers combining to offer us the kiss of death.

The Labour policy statement, *Leisure for Living* is much longer (actually it could be improved by cutting) and much stronger. Having been out of office these last years, Labour is free to criticise government policy and actions, and can tell us what it had begun to do or intended to do just before the Tories came into power. Moreover, the Labour group responsible for this document obviously has had some expert assistance and is not afraid of giving us plenty of concrete examples. We are brought closer to our actual situation, and are not, as in the Tory pamphlet, looking at the whole thing through the wrong end of a telescope. In the introductory chapter, the Labour authors, bold in Opposition, admit that 'many people are puzzled and irritated by one aspect of life in Britain—the out-of-date laws which affect the use of leisure in so many ways'. This admission is followed by some sensible remarks about culture in general that made me hope that the whole approach through 'Leisure' might be abandoned. I for one detest this 'use of Leisure' stuff, which always suggests to me a lot of tame, passive, half-dead people creeping home from their machines and ledgers to do a bit of fretwork or stare at their stamp albums. People who are tremendously alive do not think in terms of leisure: it seems to begin at once to take the fun, fire and glory out of living; it is not life-enhancing.

There are some statements and figures well worth quoting, in what seems to me the excellent chapter on *Patterns Of Patronage*. After recalling Bevan's *Local Government Act, 1948, Section 132* (it empowered local authorities to spend up to a sixpenny rate on the arts and entertainment), and paying a deserved tribute to the LCC and a few municipal libraries, the authors point out:

> With these important qualifications, the response of local authorities to Labour's enlightened policy has, unfortunately, been meagre. If Section 132 powers were used to the full by every local authority—which is perhaps too much to expect, the human nature of ratepayers being what it is—municipal expenditure on the arts and entertainment would now be at the rate of some 9 millions a year; but it is estimated that at present only about £250,000 is spent annually. . . .

Perhaps it is here, where the town councillors take over, that Darkest England begins.

After demolishing the impudent pretensions of that treasury booklet, *Government and the Arts in Britain*, which claimed that the government spent nearly 7 millions a year on the arts, the Labour group continues:

> Even the government's figure represents little more than one per cent. of our expenditure on education—inadequate though that itself is—and about one-tenth of one per cent. of the national revenue. Is this a reasonable or creditable share for the arts in the budget of a civilised nation?

It is not. And, as I have pointed out over and over again, if we do so little to improve the children's environment, then much of the money we spend on education is wasted, simply because the street beats the school. The civilising influence of Coketown schools largely vanishes once the youngsters encounter the barbarism of Coketown itself. What, for example, has been happening to many of our provincial museums?

> Whereas the rate-aided provincial galleries and museums are often a credit to the local authorities that support them, museums depending on endowments and subscriptions face almost impossible problems. Costs continue to rise; roofs leak and fabric decays; fittings and furnishings have deteriorated. Curators, always ill-paid, now often receive mere pittances. Many museums have no hope of employing skilled staff, and the collections suffer accordingly: material which may shed light on the history of our nation cannot be properly labelled or preserved. . . .

We are asked, sensibly I think, to consider Lord Bridges' proposal to remove some of the responsibility for expenditure on the arts from the Treasury, and to set up a body like the University Grants Committee. But what is not suggested here, to my regret, is that we should follow the example of some other countries and allow a certain proportion of money spent on cultural projects to be free of income tax. If there is any better way of bringing the money in with a rush, I do not know what it is. Some of the expense money now free of tax to pay for country houses, suites in hotels, unnecessarily elaborate entertainment, gigantic cars, would come in handy here. It is time artists ate more, and businessmen less.

'There is need, too,' our authors tell us, 'for a review of Civil List pensions for artists and writers—a review both of their very modest standard and of the basis on which they are granted.' This is altogether too mild. Why don't they come right out and declare that our Civil List pensions—and the last one I obtained for an aged man of letters was £100 a year—are a damnable disgrace to our society? We writers were better off under George IV than we have been since the war under either the Labour or Tory governments. The truth is, the politicians just don't care: Churchill, who made a fortune out of authorship, didn't care; Attlee, with Labour triumphant, didn't care; Macmillan, member of a publishing family enriched by authors, doesn't care. And the artist's situation is all the worse now because when he does strike it lucky for a year or two, he is taxed so ferociously that he has little chance of saving for his old age.

With what is said here about architecture and the countryside, I have no quarrel. And the chapter about the Theatre is at least well-informed, if, to my mind, rather too optimistic in tone. Thus, no irony is intended here: 'Outside London, more than one hundred theatres have closed, but two new theatres have been inaugurated within the last two years'. A hundred down—two up: hardly good going! The truth is, there is something in post-war Britain that does not like theatres, so that while it takes toil, sweat and tears to get a new one built, the old ones seem to come down like houses built of cards. Though the English as a people have a great talent for the Theatre, it is neglected and starved here, in woeful contrast to what happens abroad, because our country-house Establishment types don't worry about it, we still have a puritanical tradition that is against it, and the quick-money chaps, now in commercial TV, know there is nothing in it for them. What is not sufficiently understood, though I am glad to see these Labour men have grasped it, is that the Theatre is the great Mother of all dramatic entertainment; and the people who say 'Give me the Telly, never mind the Theatre' do not realise that TV is still parasitic on the arts and has hardly begun to reduce the vast debt it owes to the Theatre.

Perhaps it is not sufficiently stressed here that what the Theatre, like music, chiefly needs is an adequate supply of buildings, free from crippling rents and bad bricks-and-mortar policies. It should be the duty of the public authorities, not to engage themselves in theatrical production, but to make sure these buildings exist—even if it means stopping a few people running up blocks of offices—and exist as necessary urban amenities like public baths, libraries, parks. The trouble is, of course, that unlike Continental peoples the English never even try to make the best of town life: the intelligent English either live outside the towns or are sitting up at night planning how to make their escape, while the unintelligent English don't know what a real town might be like, don't care, and are zombies with football pools and quiz programmes.

Many public men in this country would be ready at any time to announce that they cared nothing for the arts, but it would be a very bold and original public man who said to any English audience: 'I've always thought Sport a waste of time and energy, and I'm delighted to know we are starving it to death'. And apparently this is what we are doing. To represent this nation of sportsmen anywhere abroad, these Labour writers tell us, can be a grim experience, in which you may have to decide whether you will spend sixpence on shoelaces or a stamp for the letter to

NEXT WEEK

German Literature

A special survey of the post-war literary scene in Germany, including articles on poetry, fiction and drama, the life of West German writers, news from East Germany, German-Swiss writing, poems and a short story.

your wife. So pitiful too are our arrangements at home – 'Britain has 61 public cinder tracks and 75 private tracks; Sweden with 7,000,000 inhabitants has 800 tracks' – that it is a marvel we hold any records at all, except for meanness. Buenos Aires and its environs have 49 physical recreation centres, and we have plans, held up for lack of funds, for one. And so it goes on, a mournful tale, reducing all our sporting pretensions to nonsense. What is the matter with us? Why have the Tories, sporting gents to a man, done so little? Chiefly, I imagine, because by the time we have spent millions and millions on bases we cannot use, planes that will never fly, tanks that will never move, we are desperately short of money. We are so busy being a terrifying great power that frightens nobody, building up our prestige where actually we have none, that when it comes to spending an extra million or two where we really have some prestige, or had some once, in sport and arts, we have not a shilling to spare.

Writing, I sincerely believe, without political bias, I declare emphatically in favour of Labour's *Leisure for Living*. The Tory *Challenge of Leisure* is as lifeless a document as I have ever seen. The Labour statement is at least struggling hard to come to life. It shows gleams of insight:

> Leisure, in short, is enjoyed most deeply and most creatively by those who have a sense of direction in their everyday life and work. Good as it would be, therefore, to increase the government grant to the Arts Council (and this we certainly intend to do) it would be even better that this should be done as part of the more purposeful re-planning of the economic and social structure of society. . . .

This begins to escape the curse of thinking in terms of leisure at all. And indeed I would trust the authors of this Labour statement, if they were given full powers, to begin making the necessary changes that would bring some zest, variety and colour into our English style of life. But will they be given those powers? Do they realise what they are up against? There is, for example, the tremendous influence of the Establishment, which doesn't really care how ordinary people live. ('Give 'em more television.') There is the routine trade union idea of life, which never faces the fact that you can have shorter and shorter hours and bigger and bigger wages and yet exist in a dreary squalor that a Scandinavian or central European would regard with horror. There are all the strange English (traditionally very un-English), too many of them on town councils or holding official posts, who appear to be committed to some death-wish and so hate anything and anybody life-enhancing. There is the notion, apparently strongly rooted among all politicians, that we should squander public money on our fears and then starve our hopes. There is a press devoted either to the Establishment or to debauching the public mind through triviality. There are all the people who do not want to spend another penny on England, which they have given up as a bad job, because they are desperately saving to enjoy at least two weeks a year out of England. (Unless they win large money prizes, together with gigantic applause, for facing the commercial TV cameras and saying who won the Battle of Hastings or who wrote *David Copperfield*.) There are the shrinking green acres, the atomic power stations, the roads jammed with new cars, the packed prisons, the inadequate hospitals, the desperate teachers, all the couldn't-care-less types – but why go on? Is the task hopeless? Yes, if we are merely making plans for leisure, all for passive, yawning consumers 'who never had it so good'. No, certainly not, if we can still imagine a change of heart, a lift of the spirit. For, with all its ruin and misery, the war offered us a glimpse of the England that might be, leisure or no leisure, when innumerable over-worked and worried men and women turned towards where there is light, where there is life.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

London Diary

THE Ike-Macmillan TV talk was neither impromptu nor wholly unscripted. Both had notes; Ike's, I think, much fuller than the Prime Minister's. Macmillan was question-master, and he had occasional difficulty in preventing Ike wasting time, for instance, on his good point about neighbourly frontiers no longer depending, like America's with Canada, on physical contiguity. Ike was a kindly father-figure. He wanted peace but – his one hard point – not so much that he would budge about Berlin. Macmillan hedged a bit here; principles have to be applied with tactical sense. Everything, including their difference on the Summit, was glossed over. Though it would have come better from Ike, Macmillan was justified in saying that it was because he was afraid we might stumble into war as in 1914 that he had gone to Moscow and begun the present efforts to come to an understanding with Krushchev. Ike talked like a simple, collective Common Man, while Mac was a Tory politician, who made natural breaks for an altogether unfair number of electoral adverts. He even posed as an anti-imperialist; anyone would think that the Tories have been in favour of Attlee's policy of granting independence to Asian and African countries, and obviously Mac had never heard of Suez or Nyasaland. He got in a nice 'spot' for the Yorkshire textile industry, talked about 'the old British pound sterling' which hadn't done badly. I suppose the two objects of the broadcast were achieved. Some electoral advantage – which might have been lost at a tough press conference – was combined with a picture of a united free world seeking 'peace with justice'.

* * *

Peace with justice? What we all want. But the two are not complementary: they are usually opposites. If you always insist on your own concept of justice you will, unhappily, often be at war. If war is really ruled out, then the strong can always maintain injustices. Which is why many good men, until the days of H-bombs, have gone on defending war. In fact of course they have been deluded in thinking that war would remedy injustices; it merely creates new ones. It is because Ike and Mac at last realise that war is ruled out as a remedy for anything that they find themselves in effect accepting Krushchev's general picture of the world situation. Co-existence must be accepted. This, whether Ike likes it or not, means frequent summit talks. Competition is for those large areas of the world which don't belong to either block, and now, at least ten years late, the western powers agree that they must spend large sums of money in the undeveloped countries. It was assumed that the new international loan machinery would come from the West as a counter to Russian offers from the east. The UN was not mentioned.

* * *

The press set-up in Carlton House Terrace for the Eisenhower visit – the 'Hagertorium' – must have cost a pretty penny. For once the Foreign Office, no doubt under pressure from the Americans, provided the press with reasonable facilities, including a room equipped with the most wonderful typewriters any journalist ever used. But for what purpose? The five chief press officers and their huge staff, the helicopters buzzing between Regent's Park and Chequers, did not produce a single hard political fact throughout the visit. Apart from the first, largely formal discussion between the two statesmen, the press officers did not 'sit in' on the talks, and were evidently told virtually nothing about them. So they had nothing to hand out except endless details about menus, the name of the porter at Magdalen College, four-poster beds, fat-free diets, and Ike's daily intake of calories. Here, for instance – I quote from the official transcript – is Commander Colville attempting to describe the picnic at Balmoral:

> It's hilly country. And it's besides Glas Allt, a place where Queen Victoria used to go, and it's used as a sort of – oh, I don't know how you would describe it, a sort of – I find it difficult – it's a building, it's a sort of, I suppose, summer house. But it's a glorified summer house, much more than a building – an actual summer house but nobody ever lives in it . . . does that give you a sufficient description? (laughter).

After three days of this, the British press exploded. They were particularly incensed when they discovered that Ike had offered either a press conference or a TV appearance. Macmillan, without consulting the press, and with his eye on the election, promptly chose the latter. He has a good many enemies in Fleet Street at the moment.

* * *

The Labour Party had a good idea when it appointed on its Youth Commission people like Humphrey Lyttleton, Sheila Simms, Ted Willis and the Fulham footballer, Jimmy Hill. From all I hear, its report, which is to be published next week, is a fresh and vigorous document. It may really sound sense to this 'younger generation' people are always talking about—just as they have talked for centuries. It deals with the 'gap' – the age group between 15 and 21 for which a Youth Service was promised in 1944. Only recently the Minister of Education bluntly said that it was not policy to provide any such service. The Commission, I guess, will take a poor view of his decision not to provide any cultural or recreational facilities for teenagers. It has already been leaked in the press that this Commission will suggest that young people should have the vote at 18. After all, 18 is the age at which national service begins, at which hanging becomes the penalty for murder, at which it is legal to drink in public houses, at which adult rates of national insurance must be paid. Young people nowadays mature at an earlier age; doctors say that puberty is now generally experienced at 13. The most important point, of course, is that young people now are far more independent and often, too often, live in a world of their own. The commission's report should be exciting. It must be the first political document ever produced by 'non-squares'.

* * *

The Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport has already helped to win a considerable victory; for the South African Olympic Association has promised that non-white sportsmen will be eligible for inclusion in future teams and the South African government has agreed that passports will be given to any non-white sportsman so chosen. But obviously no non-white will in fact be chosen unless he is at least as good and, probably, unless he is considerably better than his white rival – and non-whites, banned from the best tracks, pitches and equipment, are at a severe disadvantage. So the Campaign is now appealing to sports clubs in Britain for equipment which will be sent for distribution in South Africa by the missions and by the South African Sports Association – a multi-racial body of 70,000 mem-

bers. The general trend in South Africa is towards increasingly sharp *apartheid*; but the decision to allow non-whites into the national athletic team on an equal basis with whites is, in one small sphere, a remarkable reversal of this trend. If, with the help of first-class equipment, even one African were able to win both a place in the team and an Olympic medal, he might well become a hero to the youth in his country, as Jesse Owens and Joe Louis did in theirs, and so create an atmosphere in which greater tolerance could grow. Those who want to have a hand in this good work should write to the Campaign at 4 Erskine Hill, London NW11.

* * *

A few months ago, when the Soviet writer Mikhail Sholokov came to London, I wrote that he was an intimate friend of his fellow Ukrainian, Nikita Krushchev: I also suggested that Sholokov —the author of *Quiet Flows the Don*—supplied K. with many of the peasant quips and anecdotes that spice his speeches. Then, at a press conference, Sholokov disclaimed such intimacy—the implication, of course, being that K., like all Ukrainians, knew enough folk-stories to last a lifetime of speechmaking. I am intrigued to see that K. is now visiting Sholokov, and that he proposes to take the Soviet novelist with him on the trip to America. I can imagine a lively gag-session in which the two old friends work over the material. 'How about the old storekeeper and the two geese for Pittsburgh, Nik?' 'Too corny, we'll use that in Des Moines, Mik.'

* * *

On Monday night I went early to sleep after watching the Ike-Macmillan Broadcast, the Granada discussion of it and John Freeman's interview on the same subject with American, French and German commentators. Whether their arguments about the relation of goodwill get-togethers to tough negotiation affected my dreams, I don't know. But in the morning I found, neatly written on the piece of paper I always leave by my bedside for any nocturnal thoughts, the following: 'Gardens do not grow because you water them with your tears.'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I went to a well-known restaurant on the south side of the city the other evening and there, to my disgust and amazement, were men sitting at the table with their coats draped on the back of their chairs.

Men today attend dances in dinner jackets; this is just as much an insult to the ladies. Bus drivers and conductors do not keep rigidly to the uniform. They wear open-necked shirts, an insult to the passengers. Even the modern young miss attends her office with bare legs and bare arms. No, sir. Teddy-boyism is entering all ranks of society.—Letter in *Birmingham Mail*. (Henry Waring.)

Police have been called in to catch a gang of girls who hold late-night nude swimming parties in Sutton Park, Warwickshire. They are embarrassing courting couples.—*Daily Mail*. (J. Gordon.)

Is any other reader afraid of the dustmen? When they call I always hide, just in case they say anything about the type of rubbish I put in the bin.—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (C. E. Durant.)

Every morning for more than 30 years my wife has warmed my bowler hat over the gas ring before I set out for business.—Letter in *Star*. (R. J. Power.)

The Blackhill Campaign

ON Monday of this week, some 60 redundant miners from Blackhill in Northumberland started work in a new seam being opened for them at Shilbottle Colliery 36 miles away. They are being given transport from home to work until houses can be built for them near their new pit.

Blackhill went through the last stage of closure at the end of July when the salvage work was finished, and the last 40 or 50 men to be employed joined their former workmates for a spell of unemployment. But for many of them it will not be a long spell; and for this they can thank the Blackhill campaigners and their numerous supporters. Much water has gone under the bridge since, on 3 December 1958, the National Coal Board announced the closure of 36 pits as an emergency measure to check rising coal stocks. Blackhill was one of those named, and the date fixed for its extinction was 20 February this year.

Most of the areas affected by the Coal Board's decree reacted after the initial shock with bitterness and angry protests. The Blackhill men, no less stunned at first—'it was just as if they had dropped an atom bomb on the village'—had other ideas. Blackhill was a small pit employing about 210 men, just off the Great North Road near Berwick-on-Tweed. It was sunk in the last war by the miners themselves, who transferred to it in stages from the old Scremerston pit, which now lies derelict at the end of the village street and constituted an ever-present reminder of the bleak future facing Blackhill if something was not done about it.

Many of the miners could not believe that Blackhill was really closing. At 15 years it was new as pits go. It produced about 1,200 tons a week and had many years of coal reserves. New equipment was arriving; and, though there had been problems lately, it was only a few years since the men had received letters from the Coal Board chiefs congratulating them on their 'very excellent results'. There was only one other pit within a radius of 55 miles as a source of both fuel for the area and alternative jobs if the worst came to the worst. Scremerston had been a mining village for centuries and since the war it had been largely rebuilt with fine council houses for the miners; unemployment in the Berwick area was already almost double the national average, and the closure of the pit seemed certain to be the death-warrant of the community.

The Sunday after the bad news first came jolting through by devious public and private channels—the men were not informed officially—a mass meeting in the village hall, chaired by the president of the local miners' lodge, established a defence committee and invited several influential non-miners to participate. (This initiative was based on the precedent of 1936, when the old Scremerston pit had been threatened with closure. The defence committee of that day had raised nearly enough money to buy the pit, when a large mining company stepped in and beat them to it; but pit and jobs were saved, and the men rested content.)

The Vicar of Scremerston came late to the meeting, having conducted services at his two churches, and found himself already drafted on to the new committee. He was soon joined there by Colonel Davidson, gentleman farmer and chairman of the rural district council; Tom Evans, shipbuilder and Mayor of Berwick; Gordon Ayre, chartered accountant; Gavin Drummond, local secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, councillor and JP; Jim Smail, New Zealand-born squire of Scremerston and proprietor of the Berwick *Advertiser* and other papers; Dr Sadler, general practitioner and well-known 'character'; and several others, including the key figure in the campaign, Tom Gibson, senior overman at the pit and self-taught mining engineer. It was he who supervised the wartime sinking of the Blackhill shaft; and he had spent a great deal of his spare time since on schemes to make it more efficient. Blackhill was his pride and joy, and the committee naturally turned to him when the initial phase of organising and protesting had passed. Could he produce a plan to reorganise the pit, reduce output to local requirements only and still make a profit on the smaller turnover? He could and did. The drastic, but essential, pruning of manpower and piece-rates was an anguishing task for a lifelong union man; but he did it.

Meanwhile the defence committee was active in other ways. Lord Lambton, MP for the area, agreed to lead a protest delegation to the Minister of Power, to accompany a fact-finding mission to the Coal Board's northern headquarters, and to raise the matter in the Commons. Two experts, the accountant on the defence committee and a mining-engineer who used to be manager of Blackhill, vetted Tom's plan and pronounced it sound. The *Advertiser*, which played a leading role throughout, concentrated on building up support for a citizens' protest meeting in Berwick and using its press contacts to gain wider publicity. Its success staggered everyone: the Blackhill story hit the national headlines and stayed there; while the protest meeting turned out to be the largest in Berwick's memory. It acclaimed and adopted the Gibson plan, now handsomely printed under the Berwick coat of arms, and the miners began to gain heart.

So far so good. But the publicity was beginning to get out of hand: some of the papers were looking for gimmicks, and these of course were not hard to find. The defence committee had laid down at the outset that no union practice or national agreement should be infringed in the campaign, and the Gibson Plan was in strict accord with this. To no avail: 'Blackhill Miners to Work for Nothing', shrieked the headlines the next day, 29 January; and crippling disservice was done to the campaign. In fact the plan envisaged a temporary reduction in some piece-rates while the redevelopment work necessary to its success was carried out, so that the men engaged on this technically non-productive task could be paid out of the piece-workers' pool. This was, in both substance and spirit, entirely within the rules for 'composite' working, a system widely practised in the industry; and all the men would have received from the NCB wages above the nationally agreed minima.

Three days after these headlines appeared, Lord Lambton was due to present the plan to Sir James Bowman, chairman of the Coal Board, in London. But on 31 January it was rejected by the Northumberland Miners' Council (the NUM area executive) who refused even to examine the plan on the grounds that it was opposed to county and national union policy. No detailed criticisms were made. Nor were they by Mr Ernest Jones, president of the NUM, who publicly endorsed the rejection on the same day as Lord Lambton handed Sir James Bowman his copy. The miners waited tensely after these cruel blows from their union: what would the Coal Board say now? Sir James did not keep them waiting long. The next day he announced that he

Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

NO. 6 HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT ONE'S WORDS ARE WINGÉD

Too little attention has been paid to the actual speech of a speech. Too many speakers ignore the infinite capacity of the English language for filling up time in the most eloquent way. Let us end with this list of speech improvements on humdrum ordinary language. These phrases are particularly suitable for the sociologico-politico or the serio-humanchapio.

HUMDRUM ORDINARY	SPEECH EQUIVALENT
I can give you the gen	In default of someone better qualified to accept this privilege, it has fallen to my lot to undertake the task of attempting to tell you something of
Don't listen to the other side	A great deal is heard nowadays . . . I know all of you will be chary of giving too much credence to the easy prophecies of wishful thinking
The other side is no good	None of us must be over eager to find fault but . . . Our opponents are gentlemen of mercurial temperament, and vivid, perhaps over-vivid imagination
Everyone here is nice	Rooted deep in the national character . . . instinctive appreciation of the simple things of life and hatred of all that is false
I am nice myself	This is something which I, personally, find enormously heartening
Stand up everybody on our side	Each one of us, today, is conscious of an urgent need for the spirit of co-operation. It is the fulfilment of our inner want. Urgent want . . . inner need . . . co-operation . . . urgent

Since the speaker (as will be seen in the illustration) is already bubbling with wingéd metaphors, he ought, if he uses this wingéd connecting matter, to succeed in being eloquent, without notice, on nothing whatever.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

could 'well understand' the NUM attitude, indeed he supported it; the Gibson Plan was out.

This decision brought bitterness and anger in Scremerston. The miners could understand in a way the Coal Board's sticking to its guns, but they had taken it for granted that the union would be on their side – or at least neutral. But the NUM came down the other way, and thus ensured automatic rejection by the Board. One old miner spoke for all when he commented: 'What did they know about a little place like Blackhill? Nothing at all: *their* jobs were all right'.

In parallel with this, other hares were started by the press and the issues further confused. The Mayor and the Town Clerk of Berwick, both staunch believers in private enterprise, while supporting the main campaign, were at the same time studying the Coal Nationalisation Act to see whether an alternative scheme could be prepared in which the pit would be taken over and run by local enterprise. This notion appeared in the *Daily Mail* as a £69,000 fund, backed by the Mayor, to buy the pit if the Gibson Plan failed; and other press reports led to an official NUM statement denying that the local lodge was opting out of both nationalisation and the NUM in order to run the pit by itself.

That weekend the dismissal notices were issued – a bald statement that the pit was closing in two weeks' time for everyone except the salvage crew, to be led ironically enough by Tom Gibson. 'It was a bitter decision to salvage Blackhill,' he said, 'I've put everything I know – everything I've got – into it.' The miners then requested the NUM to say in precisely what respect their plan violated national agreements, and the Mayor put the same question to Sir James Bowman. No reply was received in either case, and Lord Lambton took a delegation, headed by the Mayor, to petition the Minister of Fuel direct.

Lord Mills was courteous and attentive; he promised to look into the matter, and the delegation returned to the north feeling able to allay the mounting anxiety. But only for the time being. There were nine days to go before the pit closed, and in them precisely nothing happened. Blackhill closed on 20 February as arranged, and 160 miners went to join the queues at the Labour Exchange. It was as if the campaign and the plan had never existed. The townsfolk returned to their routine occasions, many aware only now, too late, that they had a pit and pitmen in their midst: they were sympathetic, they had done their bit, but it was all over, including the shouting, and everyone must make the best of a bad job.

But they had reckoned without the spirit of the Blackhill men and their allies – they had a card or two yet up their sleeves.

After the operational closure of the pit the work of dismantling went on quietly for about a month, until Bob Chell, Vicar of Scremerston, widely known by his Christian name and perhaps the most indefatigable campaigner of all, set the next phase going with a letter to the *Guardian*. In this he pointed out that the closure was based on economic criteria alone and accepted the 'damnable doctrine that it is justifiable – even desirable – to sacrifice a minority for the hypothetical good of a majority. . . .' This was supported by a letter from Chris Jelley, prospective Labour candidate for the constituency, and another from a member of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies at Manchester, which analysed the social costs of redundancy. The wheels were beginning to turn again, and another push was given by a sympathetic treatment of the Blackhill situation by BBC Television's programme *Tonight*. An even greater fillip was given by the suggestion that a licence to operate a private mine might be obtained by some of the men from Blackhill.

The Coal Nationalisation Act excluded all small pits employing 30 men or fewer underground; and several hundreds of these, mostly drift mines, are run by private enterprise under licence from the NCB. (A drift mine is one at which the tunnel travelled by both men and coal enters the earth at an angle instead of vertically.) Lord Lambton asked if the government would support the granting of a licence to the Blackhill men and received a written assurance from Lord Mills that it 'would be given careful consideration'. At that point a Morpeth builder, William Leech, a hitherto unknown sympathiser, offered the men £1,000 as starting capital if they would raise a like amount. An emergency meeting of the defence committee immediately decided to go ahead and their application for a licence arrived at divisional headquarters a week later.

It was soon noted that there was already a small mine in the area, actually within sight of Blackhill – the Allerdean Drift, flooded to its mouth and derelict since 1906 when it was abandoned owing to an inrush of water, and in completely unknown condition underground. Here was another job for Tom Gibson, who tackled it with his usual zeal. He borrowed from the Public Records Office a plan of the workings, deposited according to law when the drift was closed, and was soon able to brief his colleagues on the defence committee about the problems of reclaiming the mine, including that of pumping enough water out to enable someone to go down and inspect the roof and sides. Why not hire the local fire-brigade pumps, Tom suggested, and borrow safety-lamps from Blackhill to test for gas as the water-level went down?

Simultaneously with this, Robert Haddow, a Scot who had retired after a lifetime as a mining-engineer in India, heard of the new plan and volunteered any technical help the miners might need. He came down from Scotland, sat in on a meeting of the defence committee and accompanied the delegation it sent to the NCB to divisional headquarters to discuss the project. Mr Haddow was, of course, a welcome recruit; but another arrival proved to be much less so: the Elsdon Colliery Company, already operating several drift mines elsewhere and scenting an extension of its domain, applied for a licence and planning permission to work Allerdean and immediately took a year's lease of the land the mine stood on. The company then issued a statement guaranteeing, if it was allowed to work the drift, to employ Blackhill men only, and not to stand in their way if the miners wanted to run it themselves.

This was too good for the press to miss; and even so staid a journal as the *Scotsman* had headlines about the Blackhill miners' refusal of a 'take-over bid', which did nothing to calm an already emotional atmosphere. This was again heightened by a report quoted in the *Yorkshire Post* that the water problem at the drift would be greatly worsened when the Blackhill pumps stopped at the end of the salvage operation; Blackhill would rapidly flood and so create a greater head of water to act on the drift further down the same slope.

Notwithstanding these added difficulties the lodge secretary welcomed the licence, which was issued in his name a few days later, and began to consider ways and means. An additional problem at this stage was a developing split in the miners' ranks. One small group supported the licence-holder, while the majority became sceptical about capacity of the 'Allerdean group' to get together enough technical and commercial knowledge to make a success of a private mine – even if, improbably enough, the estimated £10,000 needed were to be forthcoming.

Most of this opposition was expressed negatively in the form of apathy; but still the rift deepened. The Elsdon Company had the money and knowledge needed and was prepared to accept the risk that the water problem at Allerdean might prove insuperable. They could start work at once and by autumn be producing coal and perhaps employing as many as 40 redundant men. Many of the miners wanted the company to be given its head, though they were aware how few of them could hope for a job. This feeling found a moderate and experienced spokesman in Dick Thompson, a holder of many civic offices and a natural leader among the miners. The lodge secretary and his supporters – including the Mayor whose term of office was now running out – were adamant that the licence had been granted to the miners and it was 'only fair' that they should use it: they would not negotiate with the Elsdon Company. Soon both sides had their heels dug firmly in, the one with a lease on the land the drift stood on, the other with the licence to run it. Some preliminary work on a new drift was done by a few of the unemployed miners but this soon petered out.

On 17 June last, the Vicar wrote another of his letters to the chairman of the Divisional Coal Board, describing with devastating simplicity the situation the village and the miners found themselves in and the promises previously made to look after their welfare. He received in return the best piece of news in the whole campaign – about the new seam and the 70 new jobs at Shilbottle Colliery. Moreover the drift-licence would be transferred to the Elsdon Company if that was the miners' wish. And there the matter rests for the time being. The campaign waged by this tiny community and its allies, many of whom previously had either known nothing of pits and pitmen or were suspicious or critical of them, had failed in its major objective of keeping Blackhill open; but its failure was a noble one. Courage, originality, and sheer tenacity had failed only against crippling odds – the NUM, the NCB, and the government. Blackhill had to close; but there was hardly a pitman in the United Kingdom who did not know about the manner of its closure and understand its purport.

Against this can be set the concrete gain: there are to be up to 70 jobs with transport and, later, housing, at Shilbottle Colliery; permission has been granted to run the drift mine, which will almost certainly employ up to another 40 men when the difficulties have been ironed out; about 30 men have already got jobs in distant pits either by migrating or commuting at weekends, and 20 are working in other industry locally, some of whom should be grateful to the campaign for the practical sympathy it won for them. Of the 210 miners displaced, about 160 will soon be working again – just as their redundancy-pay runs out. Of the remainder, some were in any case near retiring age, so that the effects of the closure at first thought devastating, are greatly mitigated. In addition the Board of Trade has sent a senior official to study the prospects of taking new industry into the area, and some of the allegedly tenacious opposition from the salmon-fishing interests and the freemen to industrial development of this sort has softened. The public at large can also be grateful for a resounding proof of the fact, often forgotten or glossed over, that communities can get together to help themselves when threatened, and that they can do this on behalf of a threatened minority: the stimulus does not have to be entirely self-interest.

JACK PARSONS

IN THE NEWS CHRONICLE

GALLUP POLL SURVEYS THE UNIONS

Are Union officials out of touch—with their members and general public opinion? What do people really think about the power, the policies, the politics, of Trade Unions?

To those who fear that the Trade Unions are too powerful for anybody's good, the Unions have a ready reply. They are, they insist, democratic. Therefore their power is balanced by responsibility. Therefore, too, their policies are formed by the pressure of their members' and the public's opinions.

But can it be that their leaders are out of touch with such opinions? What do people—Trade Unionists and others—think about Union policies, about strikes, about Union activities in politics?

Gallup Poll has asked the questions and found the answers. Their findings carry, as always, all the authority of Gallup Poll's independence and accuracy. Laurence Thompson will interpret the results of this special survey in the News Chronicle on September 7th & 8th. The News Chronicle has the exclusive rights of publication of Gallup Polls in British newspapers.

GALLUP POLL—IN THE NEWS CHRONICLE

SEPTEMBER 7th & 8th

Planetary Effulgence

SCIENCE in Mars had been making extraordinarily rapid progress. The territory of Mars was divided between two great empires, the Alphas and the Betas, and it was their competition, more than any other one cause, which had led to the immense development of technique. In this competition neither side secured any advantage over the other. This fact caused universal disquiet, since each side felt that only its own supremacy could secure the future of life. Among the more thoughtful Martians, a feeling developed that security required the conquest of other planets.

At last there came a day when the Alphas and the Betas, alike, found themselves able to dispatch projectiles to Earth containing Martian scientists provided with means of survival in a strange environment. Each side simultaneously dispatched projectiles, which duly reached their terrestrial target. One of them fell in what the inhabitants of Earth called 'The United States', and the other in what they called 'Russia'. To the great disappointment of the scientists, they were a little too late for many of the investigations which they had hoped to make. They found large cities, partially destroyed; vast machines, some of them still in operation; store-houses of food; and large ships tossing aimlessly on stormy seas. Wherever they found such things, they also found human bodies, but all the bodies were lifeless.

The Martian scientists, by means of their super-radar, had discovered that on Earth, as in Mars, power was divided between two factions which, on Earth, were called the As and the Bs. It had been hoped that intercourse with the curious beings inhabiting Earth might add to Martian wisdom. But, unfortunately, life on Earth had become extinct a few months before the arrival of the projectiles.

At first the scientific disappointment was keen; but before very long cryptologists, linguists and historians succeeded in deciphering the immense mass of records accumulated by these odd beings while they still lived. The Alphas and the Betas from Mars each drew up very full reports on what they had discovered about Tellurian thought and history. There was very little difference between the two reports. So long as each of the two factions remained unidentified, what A said about itself and about B was indistinguishable from what B said about itself and about A. It appeared that, according to each side, the other side wanted world dominion and wished all power to be in the hands of heartless officials whom the one side designated as bureaucrats and the other as capitalists.

Each side held that the other advocated a soulless mechanism which should grind out engines of war without any regard to human happiness. Each side believed that the other, by unscrupulous machinations, was endeavouring to promote world war in spite of the obvious danger to all. Each side declared loudly: 'We, who stand for peace and justice and truth, dare not relax our vigilance or cease to increase our armaments, because the other side is so wicked'. The two Martian reports, drawn up by the Alphas and the Betas respectively, had similarities exactly like those of the As and Bs whom they were describing. Each ended up with a moral to its government. The moral was this: 'These foolish inhabitants of Earth forgot the obvious lesson that their situation should have taught them, namely, that it is necessary to be stronger than the other side. We hope that the government to which we are reporting will learn this salutary lesson from the awful warning of the catastrophe on our sister planet'.

The governments of the Alphas and the Betas, alike, listened to the reports of their Tellurian experts and, alike, determined that their faction should be the stronger. A few years after this policy had been adopted by both the Alphas and the Betas, two projectiles reached Mars from Jupiter. Jupiter was divided between the Alephs and the Beths, and each had sent its own projectile. Like the Martian travellers to Earth, the Jovian travellers found life in Mars extinct, but they soon discovered the two reports which had been brought from Earth. They presented them to their respective governments, both of which accepted the Martian moral with which the two Martian reports had ended.

But as the Rulers of the two rival States of Alephs and Beths were finishing the drawing up of their comments, each had a strange, disquieting experience. A moving finger appeared, seized the pen from their astonished hands, and, without their co-operation, wrote these words: 'I am sorry I was so half-hearted at the time of Noah. (Signed) Cosmic President'. These words were deleted by the censor on each side and their strange occurrence was kept a profound secret.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The Arts and Entertainment

Edinburgh Drama–Official

'INTERNATIONAL' is now a courtesy title for the Edinburgh Festival – at least, for its drama. Famous musicians and dancers still appear; paintings, however few, are pulled out from behind the Iron Curtain; exotic Spahi horsemen still trot up the Lawn market for the Military Tattoo. But if the Birmingham Rep had not appeared and the Old Vic and English Stage Company were not using Edinburgh for their pre-London try-outs, the drama festival would not even be British, still less international; it would simply be parochial.

This is a pity, since Edinburgh provides a lively, interested and, above all, captive audience. If the TV version of *Robin Hood* were playing at one of the official theatres with the blessings of the Festival Society, it would be packed out (that is not a hint, Mr Ponsonby). Why else should Eric Linklater's *Breakspear in Gascony* fill the Gateway Theatre? Mr Linklater's new play is a nice, genteel little piece about a nice, genteel medieval household. At its head is Sir William, a nice plain soldier who doesn't know anything about religion but knows what he likes; his world is, literally, falling about his ears because someone has invented the cannon and war will never be the same again – nuclear disarmers, please note. He has a daughter, Alys – pronounced Alice – a nice girl who has unfortunately seen something nasty in the dungeon. In her wake bobs a nice English suitor, Breakspear, who turns out to be a gentleman although he's in trade. There is a semi-nasty stepmother, a nasty neighbour who has the cannons and a nice English soldier who blows them up. Finally, there is Father Melchior, the heart of darkness, the something nasty in the dungeon; he is a renegade monk spreading the gospel of the devil and hence much in demand by the cannoneering neighbour. Melchior, incidentally, is for ever being described as absolute and/or undoubted evil; this is hardly fair to Wilfred Bentley's interpretation, which seemed, to the impartial eye, a perfectly creditable imitation of Dylan Thomas in his later days. The dialogue is ornamented with some nice, genteel witticisms about privies, trade and England, and some equally nice, genteel poeticisms about starlings, walnuts and toothache. The Perth Repertory Company gave it a nice, respectable but utterly uninspired performance. It was, in fact, good average rep, but how on earth it got into an international festival is another matter.

The answer, alas, is that Mr Linklater is a Scotsman and the festival authorities feel they must encourage the home industry – drama as well as tweeds, fishing and tourism. Mercifully, not all of it is that bad. *The Thrie Estaites* could hardly have been put on anywhere except Edinburgh, since it needs a huge cast and stage, elaborate costumes and staging and, the language barrier being what it is, faith. But it is a masterpiece, vivid, tough, moving and teeming with life, the one Scottish creative triumph between the Ballads and 'Holy Willie's Prayer'. It is only just that Tyrone Guthrie's production should also be the one triumph of the official programme. I have always suspected that Mr Guthrie's talent was, at heart, operatic. He has an eye for the large effect and a gift for handling crowds and creating tableaux that is often thwarted by the niceties of talk. In *The Thrie Estaites* his talents get every chance. The dialogue is declamatory and boisterous, and it blends easily with Cedric Thorpe Davie's imposing music. The crowds come at you chanting from every corner of the great Assembly Hall. They mill around on the apron stage, divide, say their piece, sing. Yet every detail has been taken care of; no one stands inertly waiting his cue. It is like an opera in which even the chorus can act. The sixteenth-century Scots is, at times, difficult to understand. But Mr Guthrie's habit of subordinating implication to the larger effects turns this into an advantage. He has drilled the actors into a kind of visual eloquence. Provided they maintain a certain command and intensity of tone, the meaning comes ever hard and clear, despite the vocabulary. In this the three principals, Tom Fleming, Andrew Keir and John Cairney, never for a moment faltered. The clowns with their obscenities and slang are harder still to catch, but Duncan Macrae, Walter Carr and James Gibson took care of that with some wonderfully expressive fooling. Mr Macrae in particular, with his great cavern of a mouth and his gross but extraordinarily fluid movement, has a wholly individual brand of satiric mimicry. He must be one of the most talented comics either side of the border.

The Old Vic's production of *The Double Dealer* was workmanlike. But I am afraid L. C. Knights was right when he said that Restoration comedy is fundamentally a bit dull. All those endless machinations, adulteries, elegant obscenities, amount in the end to very little. But as demonstrations of theatrical technique they demand above everything else style. Now the Old Vic undoubtedly has spirit; they get every possible laugh from the text and then add a little gratuitous horseplay. But their style is all confusion. Miles Malleson as Plyant, the cuckold, is of the period; he has just the right combination of amiability and folly, so that he is for ever hover-

ing on the edge of the grotesque without quite losing his bumbling dignity. Of the period, too, is Ursula Jeans's Lady Touchwood. This Phaedra of the stately homes is a difficult role, passionate, temperamental, evil and comic. But perhaps the real difficulty is less in being villainous than in *not* being sympathetic; after all, Lady Touchwood has a much higher emotional stake in the game than the rest. Miss Jeans succeeded by an impressive show of cold, thwarted possessiveness which made her considerably more Machiavellian than Donald Houston's Maskwell, the double-dealer himself. Mr Houston seemed continually fighting his natural bluffness; instead of plotting he joked. Mr Houston, of course, is a very good actor. But this is not his century. It was the occasional cockney rasp in Maggie Smith's voice that spoilt her otherwise excellent show of reluctant eagerness. But to make up for uncertainties there was Alec McCowen's elegant twitterer, Norman Scace who once again created a brilliant grotesque out of the slimmest material, Judi Dench who was as pretty, pert and clear-voiced as one could ask, and a beautiful setting by Desmond Heeley. By the time the play reaches London it will perhaps have settled on a more coherent sense of style.

A. ALVAREZ

Afterwards

NEW YORK after the atomic war with only one man alive in it! He comes up out of a mine. The streets, the skyscrapers are still there. (Later, we learn that not explosives but some kind of atomic poison has been the weapon.) He is seen calling out and discovering his isolation, taking a carton of milk from a store, trailing a wheeled carrier along the road's white line; seen from the tops of skyscrapers, along dark, deserted canyons; he squats to heat food over some fire-sticks; before wandering on he stuffs rubbish in a dustbin, but there is rubbish all round. And silence. New Yorkers have left the city and lie – who knows where? – dead in the countryside.

This, you might say, has the makings of a masterpiece, or at least of Science Fiction at its best, *i.e.*, here (so to speak) and now. The film which raises these hopes, and ludicrously abases them, is *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* (Empire). Perhaps one should have guessed from the title. It's not on the spectacle of one man in an empty city that the film falls down: these shots have been strikingly achieved. But there dignity ends. The man's soliloquy and adventure are feebly impressed. He is a Negro, and since he is also Harry Belafonte he sings a song, and since – despite theme – the whole thing is irredeemably Hollywood, he 'meets up with' his white woman (Inger Stevens) and they occupy separate blocks, and then up river comes the white man (Mel Ferrer), not quite a 'white man', and we are all set for honourableness, triangle, colour, all you could wish from the end of the world.

The Negro is for humanity – and for getting the girl by standing off. The white man makes a pass, and it isn't long before he is reaching for a gun. The two stalk one another along the alleys, over the roofs of deserted New York. Their shots echo. The girl comes running: just in time to see the Negro fling away his gun and the other refuse to shoot him unarmed ('only because you're not afraid'), and the peace-seeker is winner, and they go off, all three, arm in arm, while across the screen appear the words THE BEGINNING. So the future of mankind lies with a cheap novelette. Good God! Though there is one faint hope – a man, heard crackling over a radio, who apparently survived in Paris. . . .

ITV Friday night
(Sept. 11) 9 o'clock

The Silk Purse

by
Clive Exton

One of Granada's
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GRANADA TV

This film, in the hand-out brochure, takes itself seriously, but it would hardly be worth noticing if it hadn't gone to extreme lengths to get its shots of a city deserted, and if it hadn't thereby queered the pitch for more commendable efforts. Even a good thriller-level would – with those New York streets – at least have passed. H-bombs are still – shall we say? – upon us. For those who prefer reality I would mention that the Japanese *Children of Hiroshima* will be showing at the State cinema, Leytonstone, for the week beginning 13 September.

After this unholy let-down, the two other films of the week may seem decent. Both are pinned to the kind of story one reads on the Sunday front page: if you read that kind of paper, as I do. After all, Joyce Cary collected such clippings, and used them beautifully. Neither *Blue Jeans* (Carlton) nor *Assault in Broad Daylight* (Cameo-Royal) rises out of the newspaper anecdote: both in fact sink themselves in respectability. The first, from America, is about abortion among adolescents, and the second, from Switzerland, about child murder. The idea in both cases seems to be that everyone should see them and thereby be warned – without being shocked. But I'm afraid many will hushed, and soothed.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Music at Dartington

IT is a striking fact that during the single month of its annual life, the Dartington Summer School of Music contrives to present almost as many distinguished chamber concerts as London hears during the course of a whole season. Perhaps the presence of a captive audience is an advantage for the planners; at any rate the captivity is wholly benign, though the lazy listener must exercise his laziness elsewhere than in the concert hall, for the programmes have no built-in hiatuses such as disfigure the majority of London concerts. Each programme contains at least one, and usually more than one, major masterpiece; Hans Richter-Haaser's combination of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 101, Schumann's Carnaval and Schubert's Wanderer Fantasia is quite typical. Naturally there have to be certain musical relaxations, but these are achieved through a different type of musical texture rather than by lowering the tone.

In a week which contained several healthily uncompromising concerts, a performance of Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* provided the most rewarding of recreations. Despite the somewhat nervous coupling of piano and harmonium which Rossini stipulates for this version of his score, the work is a sheer delight in its melodic, harmonic and tonal invention. If there is ever to be an acceptable modern synthesis of the liturgy with the principles of *Unterhaltungsmusik* – a synthesis which has lately and hideously been attempted in the refuse yard of Tin-Pan Alley – then Rossini's Mass is the only possible and the only pure prototype. A diversion of a different kind was attempted by the Luca Marenzio Vocal Sextet, who, after beginning with two canzonettas and seven supreme madrigals by Monteverdi, sought a contrast in somewhat lighter pieces by Orlando di Lasso and Banchieri. Here their desire to entertain conflicted with considerations of style, and ended in affectation. But certain aspects of their Monteverdi – especially their sense of colour and precision of chording – are most remarkable.

The last fortnight at Dartington was notable for the work of young, if not untried, musicians. To judge by their sensitive performance of Mendelssohn's inspired Quartet in A, Op. 13, the Dartington Quartet deserve every encouragement. Although they had to face the challenge of a mature international quartet ensemble, this was the best classical chamber-music playing heard during the fortnight. But for the most part, it was new music which became the special responsibility of the younger musicians. The term 'new' may seem rather nebulous if it is to include Schoenberg's Op. 15 song cycle *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten* of 1908, sung by Miss Rosemary Philipps. But the fact remains that Schoenberg's vision of fifty years ago included so much of the future that we have only just had time to catch up with it. Figurations characteristic not only of Webern but also of late Schoenberg are to be found in the fourteenth of the *Georgelieder*. Complex rhythmic structures, which in Schoenberg's more recent music have been so far misunderstood as to give rise to the myth that Schoenberg's music is somehow 'unrhythmic', are already apparent in the thirteenth song. And what of the expression? Too much can be made of the 'monstrous shadows', the Nibelung-like caverns which are part, but only part, of this music. There is also a wonderful lightness, a glancing, dancing humour that is by no means diabolic, and looks forward from the Eden of the last of the *Georgelieder* to the open charms of the *Serenade* and thence to the Third Quartet and beyond to the Piano Concerto. It is encouraging that these intensely lovable songs should now be published in a popular edition (by Insel Verlag) comparable to our own Penguin scores. There is no musical reason why the work should not enjoy a popularity equal to that of, say, Debussy or Ravel cycles.

Speaking of the contrast between his early works and his twelve-note music, Schoenberg once wrote: 'There is no falling into order, because there was never disorder. There is no falling at all, but on the contrary, there is an ascending to a higher and better order'. The ascendant line of Schoenberg's development parallels Beethoven's, and one can sense it immediately if one compares the *Georgelieder* of 1908 with the Trio of 1946, which was played at Dartington by the Morley String Trio. Of course it is not an ascent to a higher quality of content, but rather to a more intense and rarified order of thought. The form of the Trio compresses the most gigantic and symphonic of contrasts into an area wherein the density of activity has eliminated all redundant transition or recapitulation. Young composers of today who object to recapitulation on principle, as being outmoded, could do worse than study Part 3 of the Trio. Various processes of elimination and development here fulfil recapitulatory functions so that consummation and revelation become one and the same thing.

But in the realm of form, ideas constitute the only acceptable government, and the anarchy of empty design is utterly remote from this Trio. The extreme concentration of thought combined with the severe technical difficulty makes the Trio exceptionally demanding. Like Miss Philipps in her *Georgelieder*, the Morley Trio still have a long way to go before they master the work, but on the evidence of this performance they should be given every inducement to persevere.

In some respects, and not necessarily very important ones, it is clear that Schoenberg envisaged the development of performing abilities, as Wagner did before him. However, it is not Schoenberg so much as his anti-Schoenbergian successors in the *avant-garde*, who may have been responsible for the evolution of a new type of performer. In the performance of certain works by Boulez and Stockhausen, the over-ridingly important necessity is a clear head and a clear eye: a clear head for the counting, and a clear eye for resolving problems of notation. Provided the head and eye are aided by nimble fingers (or, in the case of a singer, perfect pitch) the total absence of musicality will not prove disabling. But there are works of the younger school, especially by Boulez, where musicality has a real part to play. At Dartington, the New Music Ensemble under John Carewe gave a performance of Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître* which, compared with earlier performances of this work under other conductors, had a markedly individual quality, indicating that this music is less constricting to the player than is sometimes supposed. One doubts if a similar latitude would be possible in Boulez's much simpler 'improvisation' on Mallarme's *Une Dentelle s'abolit*, which was also heard at Dartington under Carewe. As an example of aural confectionery, the *Improvisation* has the advantage of a reasonable disposition of those sonorities which the *Marteau* so madden-

ingly lacks; but the total impression is slight. The chief interest lies in the surprisingly sensitive vocal writing. Miss Dorothy Dorow sang the solo with a precision and delicacy which singers of a decade or two ago might never have believed possible. The exceptionally hard work done by the singers, by the Morley Trio and by the New Music Ensemble (who also gave an excellent performance of Elisabeth Lutyen's musicianly Tempi Op. 42, and of works by Nono, Wolpe and Goehr) was one of the most productive features of the month's music-making.

DAVID DREW

Showpiece

IF one doesn't mind oozing glutinously to and fro as part of a mass, like one egg in an ocean of caviare – or, more literally, being trodden on and elbowed by technically-minded teenagers and 'dodging the apple-cores', as Jim Dale or Don Lang said in *Saturday Club* – one can spend some enjoyable and instructive hours at the Radio Show at Earls Court. It stays open until 10 p.m. tomorrow (Saturday).

The BBC has been plugging the Show hard in various sound-radio programmes, such as *Saturday Club*, whose generally admirable mixture of jazz, folk and pop was not improved by the live interruptions from Earls Court. These consisted of interviews with visitors to the Show, who were invited to choose a record and hear it played – the gimmick being the speed with which it could be found in the BBC's vast record-library. Success was instantaneous in most cases – but so many people asked for current hits that this was hardly a severe test.

I thought I would try them with something a bit more difficult. Many years ago, I recalled, I had taken part in the programme *Desert Island Discs*. One of the discs I had chosen was an American (I think CIO) Trade Union propaganda record named 'Talking Union', which contained some disobliging comments on the capitalist system and, in particular, on a supposedly typical boss faced by a strike:

> Well he's smokin' a big cegar, feelin' mighty slick
> 'Cos he thinks he's got your Union licked—
> He looks out the window and what does he see
> But a thousand pickets and they all agree:
> He's a BASTARD.

To try to have such observations broadcast in those old, Reithian days was a chimerical enterprise; but 'the people upstairs' who vetted everything questionable were reduced by this subversive stuff to such twittering confusion (or, perhaps, the vapours) that we were actually on the air with one of my other discs before a note was passed into the studio saying that 'Talking Union' must on no account be used. However, I let them take a dubbing of it for their library. So, last week, in this drowsy summer of 1959, when militancy seemed a quaint old word from the history books, I thought I would like to hear 'Talking Union' played by the BBC, if only for myself and whoever was in earshot. Their filing-system and teamwork are certainly efficient: they found it in less than a minute.

Selling more radio sets is not strictly the BBC's business, but it is natural, when you come to think of it, that the BBC should try to help this branch of the industry. Save for the minor intrusion of Radio-Luxembourg, this is still an absolute BBC monopoly: viewers may prefer ITV to BBC TV programmes, but BBC viewers *and listeners* are a formidable host. Indeed, the BBC

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statisticians estimate that, on a typical day in the last quarter (April-June), 19,540,000 people aged 16 and over listened to one or more BBC sound broadcasts – less than half-a-million fewer than the 20 million who watched TV on the two channels. Something like 1½ million radio sets will be sold this year. Technical improvements are the main consumer-incentive: apart from VHF, the word of the moment is transistor (and, more unpleasantly, 'transistorised'). There is a boom in the new, light, small, transistor portable radios, with their long battery life. There are also transistorised pocket tape-recorders, whose batteries never need renewing: after use, you simply plug them into your domestic electric main and they recharge themselves overnight.

I would never dare to become involved in the controversy between high-fidelity and stereophony (which was the big new feature of last year's Show): the addicts are as passionate and mutually intolerant as the fans of traditional and modern jazz. In fact, all that some of us have been able to grasp about these rival systems is that both mean more than one bit of apparatus in your room. But it is a well-known property of technology to catch up with and pass its satirists and parodists. Only three weeks ago the *New Yorker* had a George Price drawing of a homely couple leaving their living-room, no doubt during a commercial, with the husband looking round in an awful fright and crying 'My God, it's following us!' – and so the TV set is whizzing through the air after them . . . which hardly differs, in effect, from the portable TV that will soon accompany us, as ineluctably as a dog, to beach or picnic or garden. (As one salesman said, 'It's something to look at when you're sitting out-of-doors doing nothing'.)

For, notable as the comeback – or rather, the staying-power – of radio is, it would be absurd to suggest that it is killing TV. This year's sales of TV sets are expected to total 2¼ millions. Many of these will be of the new, more slender type: those that are not so slender as their makers would like them to be are described as 'sensibly slim' (*cf.* dietary fads). They are not quite slim enough yet to hang on the wall like pictures; but one kind hangs in a corner. Many are of simple design, and reasonably graceful; but I am alarmed to note one that is 'supplied in alternative colour schemes with matching knobs and escutcheons'. *Escutcheons?* Ready blotted?

It would be sad if a medium created and developed so rapidly, with such skill, were used increasingly – or even as largely as it is at present – for the transmission of the sordid, the trivial, the utterly banal . . . but a first glance at the autumn schedules is not encouraging: they seem to be much the same as before, only more so – with, for instance, canned Westerns replacing ITV's Sunday-night play, such serious programmes as *Right to Reply* demoted to an hour further from the peak, and the standard BBC favourites (*This Is Your Life, What's My Line?*, etc., etc.) running again so immutably that Rip Van Winkle, if he woke up in front of a TV set at the right time, would feel completely at home.

TOM DRIBERG

String Quartet, by Alexander Goehr

The history of the string quartet does not show a single masterly quartet texture by a composer who was not himself a string player. The string quartet is, in fact, a singular medium, esoteric for both the creator and the recipient: ideally either has to be inside it, has to be able to perform in it. Yet there is also the history, nowise negligible, of the exoteric string quartet, as represented by a Schumann or Brahms. The first performance, at the Summer School of Music in Dartington on 27 August, of Alexander Goehr's Op. 5 (1955/56) disclosed a piece of that category. Although it is a minor work and will never be accepted by the inner circle as a natural string quartet, it contains enough music to justify its existence and necessitate its instrumental combination. The three movements succeed best where the composer appears to be least concerned with his composer's honour, that is, where they leave room for spontaneous invention. On the other hand, the formal build-up, which one suspects to be highly conscientious, does not sound sufficiently concrete in terms of rhythmic evolution and the establishment of contrasting thoughts: with the best will in the world, the impression of monotony is inescapable.

Perhaps the most striking evidence in support of both one's boredom and one's interest in the work is the composer's own more recent cantata *The Deluge*, likewise performed at the Summer School, which tends to show that this brilliantly gifted young man is now facing the facts of musical life – concrete structures and their developments, as distinct from abstract forms and the requirements of modish, inaudible gamesmanship. The cantata seems the more complex work; yet the quartet is the less easily accessible, simply because it is less clear. Repeated hearings may, however, reveal further meanings which, though ill expressed, would prove worth understanding: even at its most immature, the composer's talent arouses the listening musician's sense of responsibility.

H. K.

'Blood Wedding,' at Covent Garden

Anne Heaton, one of the foremost stars of the Royal Ballet, is to stop dancing soon because of arthritis in her left foot. This is most unfortunate, since she is unique in the company as the only female dancer of any dramatic fibre. There is no one to touch her in the expression of fierce, basic passions: she can fill the stage with her anguish, whether it be jealousy, love or despair. She is a dancer of tragedy, for there is always a nervous, almost painful tension in her pale, taut face, in her strong limbs that nevertheless move easily, with a grand, sweeping violence. Last Monday Miss Heaton played the Bride in a revival of Alfred Rodrigues's *Blood Wedding*, a Spanish melodrama, taken from the play by Garcia Lorca. With Donald Britton acting the lover in a handsome frenzy, such as he has never before displayed, the ballet, which was always a satisfactory story, became really exciting. The rest of the company was nicely efficient, but quite dimmed by the emotional holocaust of the frustrated pair. This work is well arranged, without inconsistency in its music, decor or choreography, and it is certainly worth seeing while Miss Heaton remains in the lead. It is important that the tradition for vigorous tragedy, which she has initiated, should be carried on. In America there is Nora Kaye, who has a more subtly potent personality though, for my taste, one that is too concentratedly sexless.

A. F.

september 13th-19th
let Britain lead
nuclear
disarmament week

Correspondence

CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—I am one of those whom Critic describes as being invincibly ignorant I know that the Casement Diaries are forgeries, and my knowledge derives from 12 years' intimate association with Casement himself. In this miserable controversy the evidence of all those who knew Casement has counted for nothing, while the statements of those who based their opinion on having seen typescripts of undeclared origin which have been hawked round London at five pounds a look, have been received as though they were serious evidence.

I have read Dr Fairfield's comment on Casement in your paper. What is wrong with it is that it is mainly fantasy. The real Casement bore no resemblance to the picture she has drawn. Dr Fairfield writes as if she knew a great deal about Casement, while in fact she knows very little. She does not know that the lady to whom Roger Casement was engaged to be married when he was a young man died just six weeks ago. Circumstances (mainly financial) in the conventions of that time made it impossible for them to marry, but they remained devoted to each other throughout their lives and neither ever thought of marrying anybody else. The few surviving friends who knew of these circumstances felt bound to respect her privacy while she lived, even when that hampered their efforts to defend Casement. And of this he certainly would have approved. She had suffered enough without having the sleuths of the press invade her quiet house demanding photographs and details that were nobody's business but hers.

You say that the Diaries have been examined by 'experts'. What experts, and experts in what? Those whose reports I have seen in the press, including Dr Fairfield, have all publicly committed themselves before they were allowed to see the documents on which they now pronounce so expertly.

At every stage of this long drawn out and tragic business the actions of the British government have been despicable and dastardly. First the Diaries were never mentioned till Casement had been safely put away and rendered unable to defend himself. Then came the report of Sir Ernley Blackwell and the Cabinet decision to use the Diaries to blast the good name of a man whom they wished utterly to destroy. Next, there was the use of them to prevent any demand for reprieve, Lord Birkenhead's underhand activities at the trial, Sir Basil Thompson's incredible and contradictory accounts, and then the twists and evasions of a long line of Home Secretaries; and now, in a final effort to lay the ghost of Roger Casement, this bland conjuring trick of producing like rabbits out of a hat documents whose very existence could not be admitted for 40 years, and placing them in the Public Record Office where they may be inspected under careful supervision and never really subjected to any searching test at all.

This will not lay the ghost. It proves nothing and settles nothing and alters nothing.

If there had been any desire to do the decent thing at last, the Diaries would have been handed over to those whose property they are, Casement's legal representatives. Instead, they are put on permanent public exhibition in London, so that every future apologist will have ready to his hand the materials to throw more insults on the dead. The sore is to be kept open, and we Irish, in our invincible ignorance, will continue to resent it.

BULMER HOBSON

Roundstone
Co. Galway

SIR,—In her *Postscript to Casement*, Letitia Fairfield begins as follows: 'Now that the genuineness of the Casement diaries has been established beyond all reasonable doubt (the dissipation of unreasonable doubt will take a little longer), we can take a look at the human being at the centre of this extraordinary episode.'

Evidently, unreasonable people who persist in

doubting the homosexual interpolations in the diaries as referring to Casement, number not only myself, but the vast majority of Irish people.

This, of course, is nothing strange. I mean it is nothing strange to Irish people to be considered 'unreasonable' by the British; we have always been so considered, and not only in our political objectives; so I will be content to follow our 'unreasonable' tradition and simply say I trust rather in Dr Herbert Mackey's interpretation in his book *The Life and Times of Roger Casement*, and in his recent finding of forgery and forged handwriting when he examined the diaries, not to speak of Alfred Noyes's last will and testament concerning Sir Roger, than in the finding of Mr Rene McColl or Mr Singleton Gates, or in those of Miss Fairfield.

We know that Casement told Bulmer Hobson that there was a diary belonging to one of the scoundrels, Normand, in the Putumayo. We know he told P. S. O'Hegarty that this man's diary recorded in his own hand details of the most abominable and unnatural crimes; and that he, Casement, said he had sent the diary to the Foreign Office and kept a copy of it, which was afterwards found with his other documents, and seized.

Since Casement's death was a political necessity to the British government, such a find would not be unwelcome, in view of the agitation in Britain for his release.

But why go further? The story has been told over and over, and we have all taken our positions. But British people should be quite clear that if the Irish still defend Casement, and revere his name, they do so not because of any feelings about homosexuality one way or the other (after all, the first Elizabethan colonists in Ireland spoke of the natives as savages who practised bestiality with their beasts), but because they are only too well aware that it was, and is, 'natural' for a government to try to blacken the name of one they held to be a traitor, and of the great difficulty they were in owing to this rebelly 'traitor's' popularity and world-wide renown. The remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald could be flung unmounted (save by a pauper's rebelly hand) into a common croppy grave in 1798, despite his high connections, but matters had advanced a little by 1916, and the difficulties of obliterating Sir Roger Casement were greater. I believe they are still too great for any British government, or any British psychiatrist for that matter, to accomplish. God Save Ireland, and all her martyrs.

EWART MILNE

Burnham On Crouch
Essex

WHOSE FISH?

SIR,—There is no sense in the present Anglo-Icelandic deadlock, for which both sides are to blame. Icelandic anxiety about the danger of overfishing is natural. From the settlement of the island from Norway in the 9th century for more than 1,000 years Icelanders lived in extreme hardship and poverty. In the 18th century many thousands died from famine and the population dwindled by half. Even within my memory Iceland has emerged almost from the Middle Ages to a standard of living approaching that of Sweden. The livelihood of its increasing population depends entirely on its up-to-date fishing industry. If coal mining were the sole industry of Great Britain, and there were danger of coal mines being exhausted, our nerves would be on edge.

Both sides are now lobbying with a view to the second Conference on the Law of the Sea to be held at Geneva next spring. It is uncertain whether the necessary two-thirds majority will be obtained in favour of any fishery limit; without it the present free-for-all, with some countries claiming a limit of up to 200 miles, may continue.

The United Nations is a cumbrous organisation for dealing with fishery conservation. The countries mainly interested in fishing in Icelandic waters have in the past been Iceland, United Kingdom and Germany. For the years 1936-38, of the total trawler catch, 31 per cent. was caught by Iceland, 37 per cent. by United Kingdom, 24 per cent. by Germany, 8 per cent. by other countries. The 1954-57 percentages had changed to: Iceland 48 per cent., UK 25 per cent., Federal Germany 21 per cent., others 6 per cent. The outlook for the future is complicated by the imminent entry of Russia into the North Atlantic fishery on a great scale. Poland is also fitting out modern trawlers.

For the North East Atlantic fishery in November 1958 Russia, Norway, Federal Germany and the United Kingdom started collaboration under the auspices of the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea. Similar action by countries interested in North West Atlantic Fisheries might have fruitful results, aiming at conservation of stocks while maintaining maximum sustainable yield. Modern trawling methods are ruthless and efficient. Quantities of small fish are taken in the trawls and all perish, so protection of the breeding grounds is an essential common interest—a question for fishery experts and not for politicians.

Meanwhile with British trawlers receiving naval protection there is always a risk of serious incidents, in spite of the anxiety of both governments to avoid them. Should an Icelander be killed or an Icelandic patrol boat sunk, Iceland would probably leave Nato, thus playing into the Icelandic Communist Party's hands. The Icelandic attitude when the 12-mile law was passed was particularly uncompromising, the Minister of Fisheries in the coalition government then in power being a Communist. In the recent elections, the Communists lost seats in the Althing, but as all parties were agreed about the 12-mile limit, it was not a party issue. Electorally the Communist Party is weak but commercially Iceland has become largely dependent on Communist countries, as the result of British trawler owners' abortive boycott in 1952 of landings of Icelandic fish at UK ports, which failed to force Iceland to give up the 4-mile limit. Lacking foreign currency to pay for oil, petrol and other imports from the United Kingdom, Iceland of necessity turned East for sales of her fish. Continued naval intervention may prove equally abortive, alienate foreign sympathy and weaken the Atlantic Alliance.

Pending the Conference, a possible way of easing tension might be for Icelandic trawlers to keep out of the 12-mile limit, provided our naval protection were also withdrawn. Under the new law Icelandic trawlers may fish in certain areas between 4 and 12 miles at certain seasons, subject to the discretion of the Minister. At present they are not fishing in the area and there is considerable feeling in Iceland against their ever doing so. Such a temporary compromise would not involve any concession about the ultimate question; we should have registered our protest and the Icelanders would adhere to a non-discriminatory 12-mile limit.

Something might also be done to promote a better understanding between the two countries on the lines of the visit of seven journalists to Iceland last August at the invitation of the Icelandic frozen fish industry. Icelandic journalists might be invited here or a small parliamentary delegation from this country might go to Iceland. As yet personal relations have not suffered from the controversy. I have just returned from my annual visit to Iceland, where I received as friendly and cordial a welcome as ever, both in town and country. Personal relations count for a lot in a small country and Icelanders are a warm-hearted people with a tradition of sympathy and friendship with our country.

L. S. FORTESCUE

Buckland Monachorum
South Devon

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—I still maintain my initial position that the efficiency and enthusiasm of individuals and their organisations, not the trend of national politics, determines the success of Labour in the universities. We must set our university Labour clubs in order. A training in gross mismanagement is not the way to make good Socialists. Too often, the Left has identified good organisation with bureaucracy, despising both equally, and driving the party into the hands of the policyless organisation men of the right.

The objection to exclusionism, which has recently

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been Trotskyist but could come from any sect, is not that it makes Labour clubs smaller, but that it makes them poorer. Some of the best minds and imaginations in the undergraduate community are segregated from their fellow-Socialists in a form of intellectual incest. These mock conspiracies bore those not involved, and lead those who are into acts of adolescent unreality that Marx or Trotsky would have mocked. For example, to press for 'Socialism through industrial action', at a time of full employment and with a commercially controlled communications industry, is to make a heartless sacrifice of human happiness to the vanity and superficial analysis of a cabal of agitators.

A glance at the Nalso agenda shows little of credit to the 'old left' or the revisionists – really the same people. All the more interesting manifestations of student labour activity – productions of Brecht, showings of Free Cinema, social surveys, the speakers at the Kessingland camps – bear the imprint of the 'New Left', from Osborne through Hoggart to Titmuss and Townsend. Recent Nalso agendas show merely the degree of political naivety – the common factor of inefficiency and sectarianism – still present in the Socialist student movement.

Last year, the EC of Nalso enforced two resignations, declined the offer of one, and suspended another officer, all for inefficiency – in a year described by the chairman as 'showing a considerable improvement in efficiency . . . in comparison with recent years'. The current Oxford Labour Club chairman and his two predecessors never saw hair or hide of their Nalso Regional Organiser. Club secretaries persistently fail to reply to letters, including those concerned with their own magazine. All this reflects less on Nalso than on individual club officers. I doubt if the new 'efficiency sub-committee' can make much difference; the disease is endemic in Nalso, whose officials have prior commitments to academic work and to Labour Clubs at their own universities. Only a full-time, paid organiser can bring real efficiency.

This organisational chaos would matter less, if Nalso were not thereby prevented from helping weaker clubs; but the figures show that the Labour movement's loss is real. The Durham Labour Club, described in the Nalso 1959 report as 'firmly on its feet', has a membership of 1.2 per cent of those eligible (45 members); in Liverpool, 'continuity next year is in doubt' (0.55 per cent; 20 members); Nottingham has 'high membership figures' (80; 3.2 per cent); Hull, 50 (5.4 per cent); Oxford, 1,338 (16.2 per cent) (all figures Hilary, 1958). Efficiency and dynamism, not party policy, are the variables.

Mr Coates should ask himself how much of the party's 'lost radicalism' is indirectly ascribable to the laziness and inefficiency of Socialist students, past and present. Being rude to Mr Bevan (who last visited a provincial university – Swansea – a few months ago) is emotionally satisfying to Mr Coates, but electing Macmillan won't help Socialism. The restoration of human dignity to the tenants, the old and the sick; non-political and large-scale aid to the poorer nations; an end to educational privilege – isn't all this an advance towards Socialism? On the H-bomb, on public schools, above all on industrial democracy, Mr Coates and I would agree about the party's shortcomings; but a five-year plan is not a blueprint for the Socialist Commonwealth. Steps are steps, even if they are damn short ones. The pensioner with one meat meal a week, the slum tenant, the Nyasa African, will find it hard to forgive the Don Quixotes of the British Left.

MICHAEL LIPTON

Balliol College
Oxford

BISHOP BARNES

SIR,—I am surprised to find that in your current issue, dated 29 August, a contributor to your feature Comments on the Week's News should resurrect an old libel levelled at the late Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham. You say that he 'once suggested testing the doctrine of transubstantiation by submitting the Host to chemical analysis' He did not.

In the Preface to his book, *Should Such a Faith Offend*, published in 1927, he wrote:

'Some to whom the science of experimental psychology is strange have imagined that I proposed to apply a chemical test to the consecrated elements. Needless to say, I made no such childish suggestion.'

Dr Barnes, a great scientist and also a great Christian, spent much of his active ministry in a battle against the recrudescence of outmoded belief and superstition in the church which he adorned.

What he held, and what many thousands who heard him gladly still hold, was that the root principle of idolatry is belief in a Deity localised in material objects through the invocation of a priest.

And he insisted that if Christianity was to survive in the modern scientific age, it must show itself to be not only morally and spiritually valid, but rational in its beliefs.

R. B. PARKER

86 Bedford St. South
Liverpool 7

BISHOP STOCKWOOD

SIR,—It is astonishing that Bishop Stockwood has forbidden the use of the 1928 Holy Communion service, for it was one of the main means of unity in his Diocese. Many churches of varying shades of opinion use the 1928 Rite, if only in part, and many people feel that this acts as a levelling influence between advanced Anglo-Catholicism and extreme Evangelicalism. But I cannot see how the Bishop can enforce his order without causing a tremendous amount of trouble and unpleasantness. Lots of priests have attempted to advance their churches in a Catholic direction by introducing the 1928 Rite and if they suddenly abandoned it their congregations would be considerably confused and the Bishop's order could do much to undermine their work.

Possibly the Bishop's action at St Andrew's, Carshalton, was to a certain extent justified, and in view of Father Harris's subsequent observations, expressed no doubt rather heatedly, I think he was, but surely there has been enough trouble there without causing more. After all, why shouldn't Father Harris carry a clothed statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary round his church if he and his congregation want to? Lots of less extreme churches carry banners dedicated to her in procession and in view of this he might as well forbid banners, processional crosses and various other things that delight the heart of the sensual ritualist.

Remarkably enough, not many people are taking much notice of Bishop Stockwood. He is the subject of countless jokes whispered in Anglo-Catholic sacristies, some people feel that they are being 'persecuted' and that his inhibitions will strengthen the exhausted and divided body of Anglo-Catholicism. I expect he will receive lots of anonymous letters, and courageous Anglo-Catholic ladies will be rude to him if they have any opportunity, but upon the whole the average parish priest will continue to exercise his discretion and private judgment with regard to liturgical matters; and if the Bishop still attempts to repress supposed Romanism I expect the repressed will either become Roman Catholics or else flee to the more exotic churches on the north bank of the Thames.

ANTHONY SYMONDSON

78 Girdwood Road, SW18

THE PLANNERS IN ABERDARE

SIR,—Mr Keeble asks two questions. (1) 'What sort of planning objective is it to have children playing in the streets?'. There's nothing wrong with playing in the streets, provided they're free from cars—as they are in Aberdare. Most children don't like being tucked away in the back garden (which doesn't have the freedom, variety and people of the street), or trekking off to 'play' in the playing field (pretty dreary except for organised sport, and a long way to get to). They prefer the streets, and they're only kept off them in the middle-class suburb, where the neighbours think street play 'common', and the mother keeps the closest watch on her child's friends and play. (2) 'What on earth have the functions of front gardens and verges in common with a large and heavily wooded park?' Nothing at all—but some planners seem to think so. They believe they're providing lots of open space if the streets and houses they design are swimming in a sea of grass. Low density estates of this kind don't have much open space which can actually be *used*, and certainly nothing which can equal the park at Trecynon and the mountains around Aberdare.

Mr Keeble's letter, in fact, is a nice example of the kind of thinking behind the Glamorgan scheme. Planning, he says, is a 'technique' based on 'well founded principles' ('segregrating incompatible uses', destroying houses 'instead of *just* renewing them'), whose application makes the town an 'efficient organism'. I don't know why he thinks this kind of approach 'basic to Socialism'. Surely any planner—above all a Socialist—must start by considering the individual character of the town; it is not an 'efficient organism' (Mr Keeble's use of 'efficient' begs all the relevant questions), but a place where people live, the home of their culture, their memories and their traditions. It was because Mr Bland, like Mr Keeble, saw Aberdare as 'the context of a 19th-century industrial town', instead of looking at the kind of place it was, that he proposed the destruction of the Memorial Hall, the Little Theatre, the pub and the club to make way for his new road—even though there was somewhere else to build it.

RALPH SAMUEL

Institute of Community Studies
Victoria Park Square, E2

MALAYA'S DIFFICULT ROAD

SIR,—In his article (NEW STATESMAN, 15 August), Derrick Sington writes '. . . to balance the significant franchise concessions to the Chinese, the Malays have, as the educationally weaker race, retained a privileged quota of places in the university and the civil service'.

There is no privileged quota of places for the Malays in the University, as these figures show:—

	Population Malaya & Singapore	*Student population University of Malaya*
Malays	.. 45%	11%
Chinese	.. 45%	65%

A. OPPENHEIM
Vice-Chancellor

University of Malaya
Singapore 10

THE TWO HERODS

SIR,—I am afraid Mr Trevor-Roper has made a howler in his article on Josephus. Referring to Herod the Great, he says: 'When Herod died, "eaten by worms", in the same year in which Christ was born, he had reigned . . . for over forty years'.

The Herod who was 'eaten of worms' (Acts xii, 23) was not Herod the Great, who died in 4 BC, but his grandson Herod Agrippa I, a friend of Caligula and Claudius, who was made king of Palestine in AD 41 and died in AD 44 Josephus merely says that he had unnatural pains in his belly. The author of Acts was perhaps a little prejudiced; Agrippa was a persecutor of the Church (see Acts xii, 1).

D. MARTIN DAKIN

Hornchurch, Essex

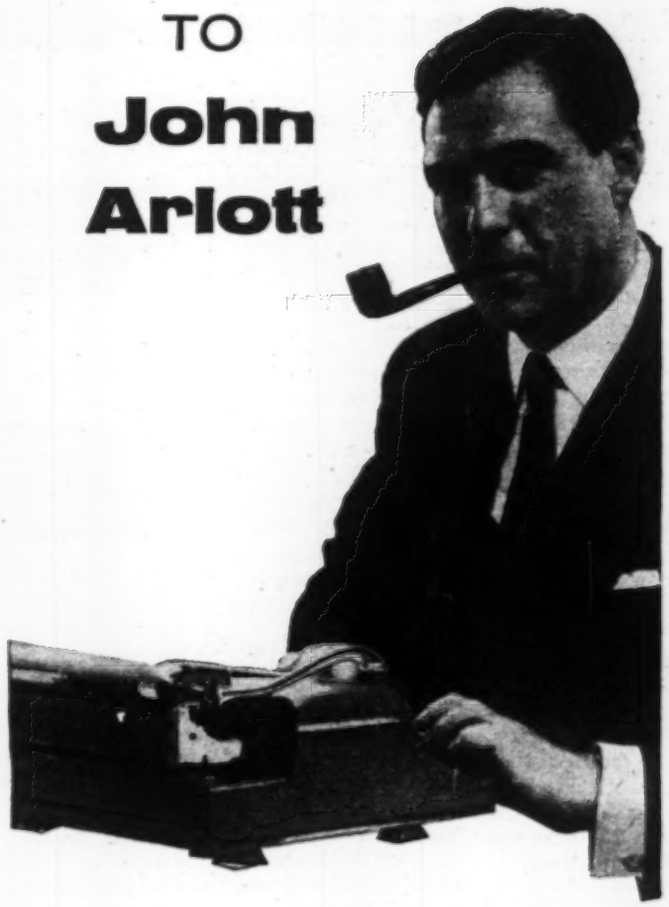
GENTILITY

SIR,—We once lunched with an old lady of 80 or so who was served with stewed cherries for the first time in her life. We were aware that she was manoeuvring the stones, but they remained unejected, probably in her attempt to be genteel about a situation she had never before experienced.

ENID SHEARS

2 Hill Crest Park
Exeter

OVER
TO
John Arlott



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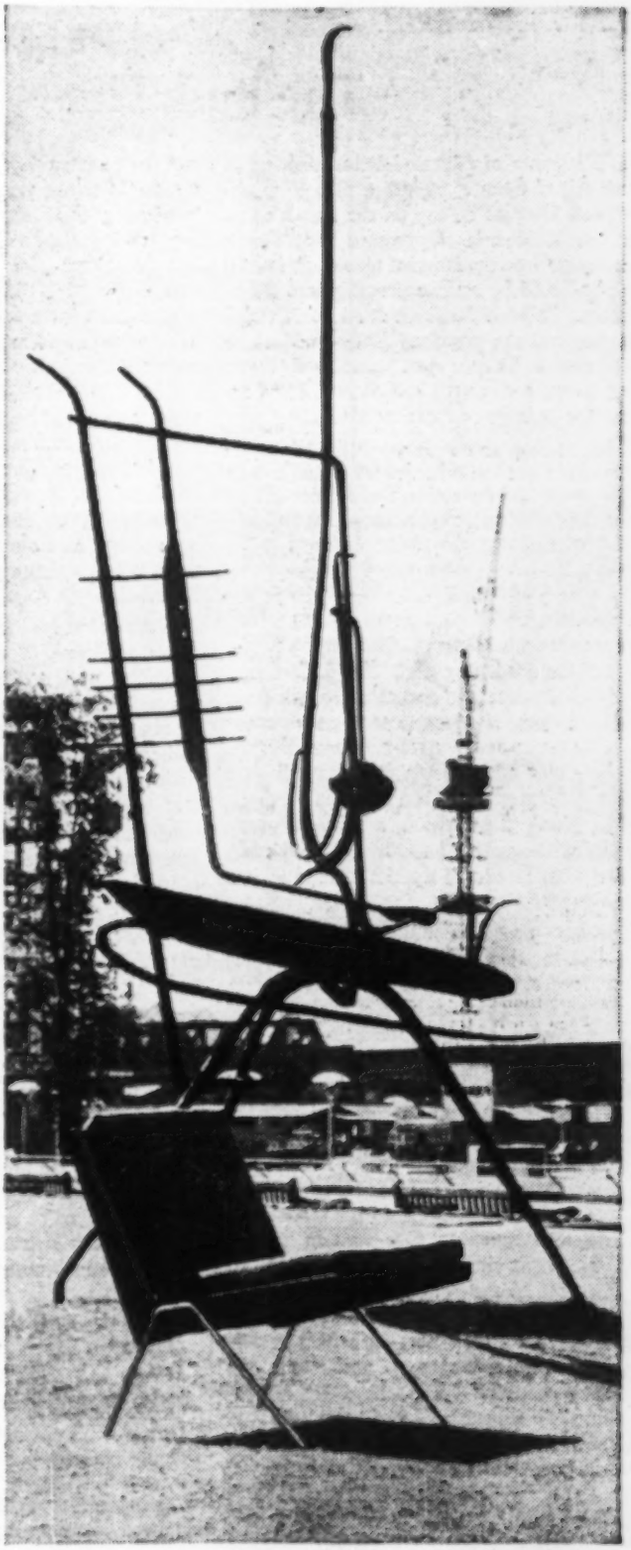

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Bush Fire

In 1875 a group of educated Poles meeting in Warsaw talked themselves into a plan to establish a small Utopian colony on the Brook Farm model, in California. Oppressed by Tsarist Russia, forced into the Russian mould, their own culture stultified by alien censorship and direction, these Polish friends decided for liberty, democracy and the promised land. Tocqueville and Fenimore Cooper had converted them. One of them, a distinguished actress, later expressed her feelings in these words:

> Oh, but to cook under the sapphire-blue sky in the land of freedom. What joy! To bleach linen at the brook like the maidens of Homer's *Iliad*. After the day of toil, to play the guitar and sing by moonlight, to recite poems or listen to the mocking bird. . . . And, we should be so far away from everyday gossip and malice, nearer to God, and better.

A few words with Nathaniel Hawthorne on the subject of the deadening effect of manual labour upon idealism, intellect and talent might have forewarned them. Farming is not emancipation; it is the enslavement by nature. Worse than the secret police are other people's cows; worse than frontiers are fences. And then America itself was a shock. Henry Sienkiewicz, a brilliant young journalist who was later to write *Quo Vadis?*, recorded what he saw in a series of letters* to a Warsaw paper.

These have now been translated for the first time. For us, they have the interest of being written from outside the Anglo-Saxon quarrel. (For example, Sienkiewicz on the whole disliked American women for being ostentatious, spoiled, personally so forward and emotionally so mild as to be sometimes sinister: but he said they derived these defects from the English, and from Anglo-Saxon habit.) At first he was just as severe as Mrs Trollope and Dickens had been. Thirty years after Dickens's visit New York was still a filthy city, with sewage in the streets and ownerless and brawling pigs rooting in the refuse. The men chewed tobacco and spat all day. They sat in the splendid hotels at lunch time with their jackets off and their hats on, eating stale food; they put their feet on the tables, were rude to strangers, and at the end of the day's chase for dollars, they were speechless and sat whittling bits of wood and grunting, while the ladies looked on in despair. Chicago was much better, he thought; and as he moved westward his spirits lightened, his feelings warmed; he discovered that if political corruption was general and violence common, in social relationships there was the democracy he had been taught to believe in. The class barriers of Europe were down and he warned his fellow Europeans against applying standards which were founded on their own class systems. The real, promising America was in the small towns and the remarkable women were the schoolmistresses. After two years he was a convert, though he returned to Poland. Perhaps Sienkiewicz only says very intelligently what other thoughtful successors have said. But there is one exceptional part to his book. This describes his long stay with a Californian squatter, in the almost uninhabited wilds. Whether the old feeling for nature still sustains Americans in the West, I do not know; Sienkiewicz caught it and one gathers from these chapters not only what amazed and enchanted the pioneers but what they had to contend with. In a few hours the interest of an American city, he found, was exhausted. Such descriptions of natural sights have almost died out of American literature and there is no continent now whose land is so little described.

Equipped as we are nowadays, we get a shock when we read of the primitive and naked struggle against nature in the new countries in the nineteenth century. It is a grinding, monotonous war, accumulating its casualties, impoverishing some lives, hardening others, operating with all the brutality of a fate. This is the subject of a scrupulous and sensitive Australian family history† written by an Australian poetess. From family diaries she has constructed an account of the year-by-year lives of her forbears who were opening up New South Wales and Queensland from 1820 onwards. The book may not enlighten us about the growth of Australian society, but in the intimacy of its account of the daily struggle, it gradually becomes an absorbing document. We are made to see what is done to a man who by temperament and gift was unsuited to the solitude, the natural disasters, the sheer physical claims that were made on him. Born for the study, he had to live on the remote grazing lands, see drought and floods pile up his debts, watch his wife and children sicken with fevers and wilt under malnutrition, travel hundreds of miles every year on horseback, deal with the rough, the tough, the mad in the bush, and spend a large part of his life alone with sheep, horses and cattle.

The first settler in this family out from England in the 1820s was the traditional younger son. He had quarrelled with his father and absorbed the ideas of Godwin and Shelley. Australia was the promised land. But once there his ambition was to reproduce English country life. With convict labour he built a fine stone house. He lived like a squire, became almost a Tory squire. He did well; but as he grew older and richer he was shocked to see that his children were Australians. He returned to England, leaving them to fight the aborigines, rob them of their hunting grounds and speculate in the cattle trades and the new lands. The dreams of Godwin and Shelley had vanished in the successful struggle to maintain tradition and dignity in the face of the economic scramble. Another younger son, from Cornwall, came out and married into the squire's family, was quickly swindled. It is this man's son, Albert Wright, who is the centre of the longest and most vivid part of the book.

The story of Albert Wright must have occurred in varying forms in all the new countries. It is the story of the making of a new man at the expense of his spiritual life, a process of hardening and martyrdom. At the point where he is racked no longer and has triumphed over his own character, he dies. It is a fable of the breaking or numbing of a civilised man. (I remember this was also the subject of a very good Australian novel, written in the Thirties, called *Landtakers* by Brian Penton.) Albert Wright was bookish, brilliant, sensitive, like so many clever men, unsure of himself. But when he was fourteen, the Gold Rush began; shepherds and cattlemen abruptly left their herds and the boy was taken from school and sent up for six years to work on the half-deserted runs in almost complete solitude. In the saddle all day, at night physically exhausted and utterly lonely and frightened in his hut, he gave up his books – or rather, the ants ate them – saw his youth mangled and stunted. One or two shepherds, half crazed by a life of isolation, or one or two cattlemen with violent, guilt-born ideas about the aborigines they had robbed, were his only occasional acquaintances. He came back hardened, fine to look at, speechless. Marriage healed the wound to some extent but when he set up as a cattleman, buying and driving 'mobs' from one remote pasture to the next, spurred on by the idea of fortune or a sound, settled life, nature met him head-on. Drought and flood, drought and flood, grass fires, disease, cattle and horses dying, debts piling up, sick children, a wife worn out: the struggle with nature is epic, but he met the rankling grind, the sheer sourness of the epic existence. At fifty, his marvellous body gave out. The muscles could stand no more. Awakening again, in his last weeks, his mind rediscovered its early doubts. The white man had stolen; he had crime and blood on his conscience. He had been fortune mad. If there had ever been an Australian dream, it had been betrayed. It is one of the savage jokes of his situation that after he had died, broken, his remarkable wife saved the family fortunes, by character and hard work, but also because the rise in land values had, almost frivolously, wiped out years of debt in a few months.

In his loneliness Albert Wright kept diaries and wrote letters and from these Judith Wright has carefully made a strong picture of the people and the country.

> The fierce hot wind from the south-western deserts had blown for weeks, and this morning was a lid pressed down on the country, of strangely brassy light; he could hear the dry protests of the thinned trees outside, from the little office where he sat. He had begun to notice, too, a strange grittiness in the air, like a fine metallic dust rasping between the teeth and eyelids; the light seemed curiously darkened and muffled.

There was a cloud in the sky and he hoped it was the longed-for rain but this cloud was there, greenish and brownish, 'hanging on the heights of the wind, filtering the sunlight into a diffused and menacing glare'. Not a rain cloud, but the first of the great dust storms which were to come from the far west –

> where the sharp hooves of millions of sheep had loosened the light soil, tearing up the thin veil

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* *Portrait of America.* By Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated and edited by Charles Morley. *Oxford: Columbia.* 40s.

† *The Generations of Men.* By Judith Wright. *Oxford.* 45s.

of grass and roots that held it. It had been another sign, another wound delivered in the unceasing struggle between man and the land – the struggle whose marks Albert himself bore more deeply year by year.

As a diarist Albert Wright spent more time putting down worry than recording easier times. After all, rain did fall without flooding, the grass was sometimes green, the lambing was good, there were landscapes of rapturous beauty. In time, the aboriginals became comprehensible; through the diaries, one gets the small details that make an empty scene distinct. The twanging of Jews'-harps or some other home-made instrument on the verandahs, when the drovers and shepherds were resting, annoyed Albert Wright. He felt himself under surveillance in the bush and, once or twice, imagined that some black warrior beckoned to him to 'come over' from the fret of the white man's life. Self-absorbed, he was a long time unaware of the new Australians growing up, pitiable but hopeful. When we turn to those passages that come from the records of his remarkable widow, there is more serenity. Albert Wright's one positive achievement, perhaps, was to have informed and supported and equipped someone really stronger than himself. At any rate, she emerges as the clever, confident, bossy, charming and cunning widow who in the end reigns, like a queen.

It is odd and a great relief to read a book of pioneer life which scarcely mentions religion, and which does not push down our throats the conventional colonial optimism or the thick porridge of moral self-commendation. Miss Judith Wright is a sceptical writer, or at any rate, one who is austerely aware that a price has to be paid for new worlds. She is also free of that family complacency which affects so many writers when they are describing their pioneer forbears. She has avoided the patriotic clichés, she has genuinely uncovered the daily life of a century and offers us no moral. A good style and a graceful, independent mind have given a dramatic interest to a subject which is usually overburdened with moral sobriety.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Fairlie Bay

Opening in the sky the rose of the sun
Every day shed petals on the earth
Through a spray of green and branching thorn.
My childhood round that fountain played
Where the never-to-be-heard, the Heavenly-shouted word
The blind saw and the cripples kicked
And the smashed seas like a mirror flayed,
Sounding Triton's golden horn,
Spelt out in a random lighthouse sleep
Sealing darkness on the dreamland gulf.

Folding in the sky the rose of the sun
Frozen into claws across the bay
Hauls the days' seed, trailing one by one
Sunfish, beam and stinging ray
Like manhood turned to ice and mocked
West, toward the purgatory whispered
By the cripples barbed and the stone blind
Out on a gouged and red-tongued rock
Till cold knives flash on the duelling Firth
And the innocent Light fly home like a bird.

J. F. HENDRY

The Politics of Truth

The Sociological Imagination. By C. WRIGHT MILLS. *Oxford.* 36*s.*

Here is an American voice crying in the wilderness of contemporary American sociology. Beyond may lie a promised land in which a better kind of social science will prevail. But 'Given the political structure within which we must now act', writes Professor Mills, 'I do not believe it is very likely that social scientists will become effective carriers of reason'. This is the voice of an American un-American enough to be a persistent and radical critic of his society. In his new book he is a severe and even unfair critic of his brother American sociologists.

Two trends that come in for criticism he calls Grand Theory and Abstracted Empiricism. Of the former the leading exponent is Talcott Parsons, who constructs a model of 'The Social System' so general that it applies to all social systems of all places and periods, at the price of losing touch with social actuality altogether and ending up by implying that the society we happen to live in could not possibly be any different from what it is. Professor Mills forthrightly deplores the obscurantism of thought and style in the works of Talcott Parsons, offering his own 'translations' of some typically and painfully contorted passages. On the whole, though, he finds Grand Theory relatively harmless ideologically, because of its extreme unintelligibility.

He sees more danger in the elaborately statistical empiricism of such well-known studies as *The American Soldier* and *The People's Choice*. They place too much emphasis on technique, and their selection of problems is such as to beg the big questions, or make them out to be unanswerable. This style of research imitates the natural sciences in an attempt to borrow their prestige. It subserves the petty, short-term purposes of bureaucratic organisations, military, governmental and commercial, and like them wears a specious gloss of rationality. A whole generation of social scientists is being diverted from its true task by the cult of method. There is moreover an unholy alliance between believers in this cult and the Grand Theorists, based on the illusory expectation of synthesis: somehow the theory will become applicable to empirical data and somehow the fragments of empiricism will coagulate into theory.

While this criticism is shrewdly aimed, I doubt whether it is an entirely fair account of the two trends. As polemic it may well have a considerable effect on the younger generation. Constructively, the position taken by Professor Mills has much to commend it and may in fact already have wider support than he suggests in his book. His credo is briefly stated: 'I believe that what may be called classic social analysis is a definable and usable set of traditions; that its essential feature is the concern with historical social structures; and that its problems are of direct relevance to urgent public issues and insistent human troubles'.

Concretely, the 'classic social analysts' include 'Marx and Sombart and Weber, Comte and Spencer, Durkheim and Veblen, Mannheim, Schumpeter and Michel' – in other words it includes historians, economists and political scientists as well as sociologists. These authors, incidentally, could be claimed as ancestral also to the other trends in sociology, criticised by Mills. The difference is that Mills, like Marx, eschews the timeless 'law' of social behaviour and claims that 'every well-considered social

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HART-DAVIS

study requires an historical scope of conception and a full use of historical materials'. The historical viewpoint in sociology leads to the comparative study of societies; its 'generic working unit' is the social structure of the national state. The different sorts of society – underdeveloped, Communist, capitalist – are 'in serious, rapid and obvious interplay'. They cannot be understood 'by flat, timeless comparisons'.

There is I think by now a fairly wide convergence of view towards the Millsian position in so far as it stresses the larger problems in their temporal setting. The political 'interplay' of societies in their world frame leads to a renewed search for socio-historical focus. There are few who would quarrel with the dictum that 'The social task of reason is to formulate choices, to enlarge the scope of human decisions in the making of history'.

This, one may further agree, is a task for the individual rather than the committee, for the independent rather than the bureaucratically organized. But how can such isolated seekers after truth have any effect in the present-day world of large-scale organization? This was the dilemma which drove Marx into the counter-organization of the Communist Party. But Mills can see no party to support and finds the liberal and socialist traditions to be bankrupt. He is indeed a politically-minded sociologist without a party. It is an uneasy role. He seeks comfort in the reflection that 'In such a world as ours, to practice social science is, first of all, to practice the politics of truth'.

Much as I sympathize with much of this, I cannot go all the way with Professor Mills in his feeling that the sociological imagination, as he explains it, is becoming 'the major common denominator of our cultural life'. In the complex division of labour at the level of creative imagination, we have no reason to assume that the social scientist is about to supersede the artist. It is quite true that 'the serious artist is himself in much trouble'; he may even be on his last legs. But I personally resist the suggestion that he could 'well do with some intellectual and cultural aid from a social science made sprightly by the sociological imagination'. Part of the 'trouble' of the artist is the dead weight of undigested sociology that pulls him down. Sociology is necessary, sociology is good. If sociology is imaginative, so much the better. But for myself I would no more put it at the summit of imaginative activity than, with Comte, at the summit of scientific activity. It is the kind of inquiry most characteristic of the sensibility of this epoch; we have to live with our epoch and we have to live with sociology.

CHARLES MADGE

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

The Statesman's Better Half

Maryannery: Mrs Lincoln and Mrs Disraeli. By D. H. ELLETSON. *Murray*. 18s.

Choosing a wife is a tricky business for an ambitious politician. A silent comforter in the home or someone who can make rousing speeches on the platform? An unpaid research assistant with a degree in PPE, or an endearing little thing who can get round powerful constituents? Money nearly always helps, but brains can irritate senior colleagues while beauty may antagonise their wives. A young politician, too, must think a long way ahead: what goes down with one premier may prove distasteful to another. The four most powerful members of the present cabinet all based their political careers on the money or social connections of their wives; but under Baldwin, for instance, Duff Cooper found his wife's beauty and membership of the smart set a handicap. In Asquith's governments, ministers with pretty wives stood to profit; under Lincoln, they were best kept out of sight, for Mrs Lincoln staged hysterical scenes if any were seen talking to the President.

Unfortunately, misplaced delicacy has limited our knowledge of this fascinating and often important subject. We must therefore be grateful to Mr Elletson for his twin study of Mrs Lincoln and Mrs Disraeli. While he produces little that is new about the Lincoln family, his long essay on Mary Ann Disraeli contains a good deal of unpublished material from her own papers and provides much the most convincing account of her relations with her husband. Mr Elletson's writing is unsophisticated, his reflections sometimes naive and his title idiotic, but I found the book as a whole intensely readable because it told me exactly the concrete facts I wanted to know about the personal habits, houses, dresses, bank accounts and influence of these two ladies.

Beyond their Christian names, they had virtually nothing in common, indeed they make a powerful and instructive contrast. Lincoln, a self-contained solitary, should perhaps never have married at all. Unsure in his own mind, he hesitated a long time and then – as often happens in such cases – made a disastrous choice. Mary Ann Lincoln's openly proclaimed ambition was to see herself installed as First Lady, but her husband reached the White House despite, not because of, her efforts. It is true he was not an easy man to live with (he had a habit of lying down on the floor to read, an inconvenience in view of his immense height and the smallness of the lodgings in which they lived). But his wife's periodic bursts of extravagance, concealed until creditors became pressing, her insane fits of jealousy and her bitter tongue must have made her a heavy cross to bear. After the President's death, his personal lawyer declared that she had hated Lincoln even before their marriage. This is untrue, but it seems unlikely she ever loved him for himself and she was always careless of his political interests. During the Civil War, her Confederate connections were a source of continuous embarrassment to him, and she aggravated his difficulties by reckless expenditure on the White House, ostentatious entertainments and displays of finery at a time when the troops were short of blankets, interference in appointments and public scenes with his colleagues and officers. Small, ugly, vulgar in dress, loud in speech, she was cordially hated in Washington and responded with bursts of rage which later brought her to the madhouse. Fortunately, Lincoln's remoteness spared him knowledge of much of this. But occasional incidents did not escape even his distant gaze, and then he would try to save the situation by a pathetic jest: 'Now you have seen the long and the short of the Presidency'.

Mrs Disraeli, too, occasionally provoked embarrassment, though for different reasons. A jolly widow, slightly common and with an earthy zest for life, her tendency to 'gush' brought sneers from mid-Victorian Tory society. Often, and increasingly as Disraeli's mastery over the party was established, the sneers were only expressed behind his back; but once or twice a politician was rash enough to make a joke at her expense to Disraeli himself. His reply was cold and devastating. 'There is one word in the English language of which you are ignorant.' 'What is that?' 'Gratitude'. What Disraeli meant was that his marriage was an essential ingredient in his political success, and that this ought to be self-evident. He almost certainly over-estimated the perception of his contemporaries. Most of them believed he married Mrs Wyndham Lewis, who was 12 years his senior but had a comfortable income of nearly £4,000, for her money. She thought so herself – or so she claimed afterwards, when the bargain had safely blossomed into love. Disraeli was £30,000 in debt at the time and a crash was imminent. She made it possible for him to continue in politics and though, later, he acquired money of his own, her income formed the material force behind his ascent up 'the greasy pole'. Though Disraeli protested his love in some characteristically purple letters, Mr Elletson is quite clear that he would not have married her had she been penniless.

Granted Disraeli's character and love of beauty (his wife often referred to her unsuccessful efforts to stop him looking at paintings of nudes), the marriage might have seemed doomed to failure. In fact it became an unqualified success, for Mrs Disraeli possessed not only great reserves of kindness but – equally important – knew instinctively when, where, and how to use them. As she put it herself:

> Every woman in society for years has been taking from Dis. He appreciates better than any man I know the value of a woman who has something to give in return for being given to. Most men have this knowledge but they seldom exercise it because most women don't understand giving – either they don't want to give or they don't know how. Now I want to give and I know how most exactly.

Perhaps her earlier marriage to a dull but honourable Tory MP had made her realise that marriage to a politician was essentially an unequal sacrifice and that failure to grasp this

would lead to unhappiness. From the start, at any rate, her generosity to Disraeli was deliberately pitched on a heroic plane and soon became effortless. No matter how late the House sat, he returned to find his home a blaze of light, with a warm fire, and his wife waiting to open a delicious pie and a bottle of champagne. ('My dear – you are more like a mistress than a wife'.) The first time she accompanied him to the House to hear him speak she trapped her fingers in the carriage door as they alighted at Westminster. Despite her agony, she concealed the fact from him, fearing his concern might put him off. This is one incident of many. Her warmth as much as her money gave Disraeli the security and self-possession – and in time the serenity – which he had hitherto lacked and which sustained him both in the searing battle with Peel and the dead decades of Liberal supremacy which followed. Though she died in 1872, before he had achieved real power, he had long since learnt to value her help and respond in overwhelming measure. His treatment of his wife is, in fact, the best thing in his life. It suggests that Disraeli, unlike Lincoln, realised that the success of a politician's marriage depends not merely on the wife's qualities, but on the husband's willingness to take the time and the trouble to appreciate them.

PAUL JOHNSON

Hero and Meander

The Age of Defeat. By COLIN WILSON. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

This, Mr Colin Wilson's third book, sets out to examine 'the sense of defeat, or disaster, or futility, that seems to underlie so much modern writing' – what he calls 'the unheroic hypothesis'. The inquiry, he says, led him on to consider the 'general sense of insignificance' that 'seems to permeate the whole of modern society'. Clearly, this could be a fascinating and significant theme, if not a series of themes. But already, in the phrases quoted above, one detects a hint of the windiness and imprecision that make the book an evasion rather than a treatment of its subject.

The chapter-headings are promising: 'The Evidence of Sociology', 'The Evidence of Literature', 'The Anatomy of Insignificance', 'The Fallacy of Insignificance', 'The Stature of Man'. Unfortunately, their rather solemn slogans give a poor idea of their content. The first consists chiefly of popular summaries of popular sociologists: Vance Packard, William H. Whyte, Jr., and David Riesman (here spelt 'Reisman' throughout). The remaining chapters are more original, and occasionally stimulating; but all they serve to achieve is a rather leaky elaboration of Wilson's first premiss in the terminology of Riesman and Whyte. The conclusion is that pessimism or stoicism, as expressed by Sartre or Camus, must be replaced by 'a New Existentialism' which will affirm man's stature as a 'God' rather than a 'worm'.

It's easy enough to feel sympathy with this general attitude; and some of Wilson's points are well taken. He looks with fresh eyes at *Le Rouge et le Noir*, for example; he makes some sharp comments on contemporary English writers; he even criticises, obliquely, some of his own previous *prises de position*. *The Age of Defeat*, indeed, is more disciplined and less infuriating than either *The Outsider* or *Religion and the Rebel*. Nevertheless, it remains slapdash and disappointing. Terms are undefined; gaps in the argument pass unnoticed; ideas are confused one with another: 'He himself is by no means inner-directed; he is always being seized by misgivings and self-doubt.' Angus Wilson is criticised because 'the dilemmas of his central characters are always connected with their relations to other people'. 'Sartre's preoccupation with politics, Camus's desire to reduce the paradox to the language of the teddy-boy, rob their interrogation of motive power.' '(After all, Buddhism was a form of existentialism in the fifth century BC.)'

Confronted with such verbal wooden-sword-play, one's tempted to feel, consolingly, that Wilson's failings spring from a lack of intellectual training – that he'd be a more effective thinker if his very provocative essays had been read in private to a tough-minded supervisor, instead of being exposed to public review. But the truth is less encouraging: for at least some of his faults are due to an unnerving lack of discrimination, a numbness of sensibility hard to forgive someone who publishes books about books. It's not just a matter of getting names and titles wrong ('*The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber*'); it's not simply a case of applying Riesman's 1950 categories to American writers of the 1920s. It's the insensitivity of linking Poe with Dostoevsky (p. 147), of lumping together 'Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman, Dana, Poe' (p. 30), or 'Blake, Whitman, Yeats, Joyce, and Shaw' or 'the Eliot-Joyce-Hemingway tradition' (p. 76) or 'Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, and Jack Kerouac; in England . . . Chesterton, Belloc, and Rupert Brooke' (p. 136). Perhaps it's this that makes him cite with awe Stuart Holroyd and Bill Hopkins: perhaps it's this that enables him to claim that the literary situation in England 'is, on the whole, more promising than in America'. And the basic reason for such apparent perversity is surely a simple-minded approach to art, reading the plot and not the writing – an anecdotal habit that makes a good Hays Office censor but an unreliable critic.

This meander round Wilson's notebooks is all the more saddening because they contain the material for an interesting study. The 'unheroic hypothesis' is common enough: sensitive and intelligent writers today seem to share a tragic view of life. But the deeper reasons for this, and the springs of courage and optimism that I personally find in some of Wilson's 'pessimistic' Aunt Sallies, require an analysis that this book only bungles.

RICHARD MAYNE

Cats Among the Pigeons

Absolute Beginners. By COLIN MACINNES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Although the decade is almost over, there are few novelists writing about the late nineteen-fifties. Some, it is true, are still beavering away at the Welfare State joke, and many more are describing the interiors of coffee bars. The changes in scenery have been noticed, and so have the shifts in class structure, but in general the change in the national temperament has gone unrecorded. Most writers seem to have stopped taking notes around 1952, when the tall buildings began to go up and the English character took on a new, scrubbed look.

Mr Colin MacInnes is one of the few authors I have come across who has any idea what these hurrying years are all about. His new novel sings with the vitality and restlessness that is seeping out of the glass skyscrapers and the crowded streets. His hero looks around with awe and says: 'My lord, one thing is certain, and that's that they'll make musicals one day about the glamour-studded 1950s.'

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the teenagers who are so much a part of it. He is describing a phenomenon that has become as established a London sight as the pigeons in Trafalgar Square – the Roman-suited, Spartan-shorn 'cats' who roam the jazz cellars and the Soho coffee bars, consuming gherkin-and-cream-cheese sandwiches and making derisive observations upon the world around them. Like *City of Spades* before it, *Absolute Beginners* is a first-class reporting job. Mr MacInnes has made an intense study of a generation that has more money, leisure and independence than any of its predecessors. The story is told by an 18-year-old boy in a riotous espresso patois that has beatnik, jazz slang, under world jargon, Cockney, Yiddish, Charing Cross Road American, a lot of Salinger and a little of Gwyn Thomas among its ingredients. The style is highly effective for putting across teenage attitudes. On the subject of war, for example. 'What war? You mean Cyprus, boy? Or Suez? Or Korea? . . . You pensioners certainly seem to love that old, old struggle.' Or on the obsession of the 'oldies' with class distinctions:

> You poor old prehistoric monster, I do *not* reject the working classes, and I do *not* belong to the upper classes, for one and the same simple reason, namely, that neither of them interest me in the slightest, never have done, never will do. Do try to understand that, clobbo! I'm just not interested in the whole class crap that seems to needle you and all the taxpayers.

For most of the way this novel has no plot to speak of. It doesn't need one. The fresh look of things through these young eyes is enough. In the last forty pages, however, Mr MacInnes suddenly gets excited about the Notting Hill race riots and the failure of the authorities, or top cats, to make any firm stand. Here the book sags dangerously. It loses its strong contemporary touch and becomes merely newsy. The whole scene, in any case, would have been more at home in *City of Spades*. It is a bad ending to a good novel.

There is a lot of Holden Caulfield in Mr MacInnes's hero, as there must be in any accurately-described metropolitan adolescent. Inevitably, the novel will be compared with *The Catcher in the Rye*, and inevitably, it must come off second best. For all Mr MacInnes's observation and penetration, *Absolute Beginners* remains a novel written from the outside looking in. He gets into the teenage mind, but not into the teenage soul. But the important thing is that this novel is worth five hundred pamphlets, reports or summer-school proceedings on the subject of British youth. The other important thing is that it breezes like a waft of chlorophyll through the times we live in. It is a brilliant documentary, and nearly a brilliant novel.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

New Novels

The Pledge. By FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMATT. Trans. RICHARD AND CLARA WINSTON. *Cape*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

The Fat Valley. By J. B. PICK. *Arco*. 15*s*.

The Naked Trees. By TAGE SKOU-HANSEN. *Cape*. 15*s*.

The Big Company Look. By J. HARVEY HOWELLS. *Joseph*. 16*s*.

The Drummond Tradition. By CHARLES MERCER. *Putnam*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Friedrich Dürrenmatt is one of the most distinguished of all contemporary writers in German. He is also a very successful playwright; it is perhaps the playwright's gift for dramatic tightness and the suspense-of-scene which makes *The Pledge* just a little less successful than it might be. This, however, is to judge the novel by very high standards indeed; it is so original in conception and shape that it deserves to be. It is about a detective determined to discover the real author of a sex-crime against a child. A man has confessed and has committed suicide; Matthäi believes the murderer is still at large. So, turning down a job in Jordan, resigning his job with the police, he devotes all his time to setting a snare, with live bait. His life becomes Maigret-like, a month-long, eventually year-long, watching and waiting. It happens that what he believes is correct; and that his snare should have caught the bird. But it doesn't; and with failure he declines into squalor and drink. Here the author takes over. We want to know, of course, something Matthäi does not know: what went wrong. So the story ends, and the lecturer takes over. 'You have seen' (he implies) 'the film. Now start thinking. What could the solution have been? Could there have been more than one? There is in fact a correct one. Here it is. Now then, what are the implications of the story of Matthäi in terms of justice? Of crime and punishment? Of devotion to the ideal?' It is a bit disappointing, perhaps, after so much excitement, to find the lights up and the lecturer in control. Like Rahel Sanzara's *The Lost Child*, *The Pledge* is a work of suspense and terror made into a morality. It is finely written, in a spare, strict, yet evocative style; the reader is frightened by the unspoken. The culmination of the action is a great dramatic scene in which the trap is baited for the last time; a playwright's trick rather than a novelist's and – yes – something of a trick, at that. One never quite believes any of it. All the same, it is a most striking book by a writer whose quality is so obvious that one instinctively puts the novel to one side apart from all the others under review.

The Fat Valley is a short, effective allegory of the idiocy of war, with the Thirty Years' War as background. Vogel has been wandering for years through the rubble of Europe when he comes upon a valley untouched by war at all. As he enters at one end, the Captain arrives with his troops at the other. Vogel persuades him to settle there, in this curious oasis out of the desert of History. The soldiers become peasants, the peasants soldiers. Order begins to grow, it is even possible to fall in love. Then the village is overrun, clawed up by History, and destroyed. There is an Ingmar Bergman-like quality about the Captain, and about the book as a whole. It is very well done, existing both in allegorical terms and in the terms of a good story. Why isn't it more impressive? Because, I think, it is a trifle too sketchy, a trifle too short. It is the novel of someone who is feeling his way towards saying something of importance, rather than someone with the confidence to say it directly, and with some necessary elaboration, now.

The Naked Trees is one of those Resistance-Movement-with-Love novels that bother me. I don't really think the mixture is a good one, or ever will be. The scene is Denmark. A group of young people are conducting rather lightheartedly what might be called a spot of sabotage, while one of them is falling in love with the leader's wife. The atmosphere of physical passion is good; the atmosphere of guerilla warfare unconvincing. The game seems such a very harmless one, the enemy so remote – indeed, an enemy without a presence. The two story-threads are never properly woven together, so that the reader is irritated by having to grasp first one, then another, his interest constantly and maddeningly switched.

The Big Company Look is an American novel about skulduggery in the High Grocery Trade. The hero begins as a salesman, and one act of dishonesty pitches him downhill to Avernus, where he becomes a tyrant to his employees, a beast to his wife, and a traitor to his friends. Just as he is about to become a really top tycoon, a fine old Will Rogers type kicks him all the way down the ladder again – a satisfying *coup de théâtre*, but only *théâtre*. This conforms to the now familiar type of American business novel, quite interesting, often fascinatingly informative, but having nothing to do with the art of literature whatsoever. Of course, information has charm in itself. I now know that American supermarkets are liable to fill up the chicken with water before weighing it, and then, while pretending to wrap it up for the customer, tilt it so that the water runs out of its insides into a box of sawdust at the grocer's feet. I hope it doesn't happen here.

The Drummond Tradition hasn't much in common with art, either. It is just misguidedly ingenious. A retired general comes to Italy to try to drive his son back into the army. All the family have been army people; there has been a Great Tradition. The old man is preparing his family history, so throughout the novel there are flashbacks showing, in the main, what rogues or frauds the Drummonds were. The young man, disillusioned, rejects the beautiful, stern, virginal Army Wife his father has chosen for him, and to my relief, anyway, returns to a Contessa with a fairy husband. Like *The Caine Mutiny*, the novel ends in pusillanimity. You would think Andrew Jackson Drummond IV, now he knows all about his forbears, would have the guts to go and teach High School, which is what he wants. Not a bit of it. The Army still calls him – Lord knows why, after all those flashbacks – and back he goes. Silly fellow. And it is all too long, too long, too long.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Something for all tastes

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—JOHN METCALF, *Sunday Times*.
"You will be right in there reading at the finish."
—MAURICE RICHARDSON, *The Observer*.
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—ROBERT PITMAN, *Sunday Express*.
15*s*.

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—*New Statesman*.
32*s*. 6*d*.

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"Makes fascinating and novel reading."
—V. SACKVILLE-WEST, *The Bookman*.
35*s*.

Secker & Warburg

Cardboard Caesar's Wife

My Life with Mussolini. By RACHELE MUSSOLINI. *Hale.* 21s.

Rachele was 16 when Mussolini seduced her. He was then a schoolmaster and a socialist revolutionary, she a waitress in his father's inn at Forli. Her mother, locally known as Mad Nina, had been the old man's mistress and, when young Mussolini failed to win the eldest daughter, he turned his attention to pretty, plump Rachele, threatening to shoot the whole family if he couldn't get her. She bore him five children; but he only married her in 1925 – just in time for the negotiations leading up to the Concordat with the Vatican.

Signora Mussolini is still very much alive and her life centres round her four families of grandchildren. She has a peasant's sense of money and jealously guards the diary which she kept on the Duce's instructions and often to his dictation. She can earn more by revealing its secrets in occasional articles than by outright publication. More than twelve years ago, however, a journalist called Michael Chinigo – now head of the International News Service in Rome – persuaded her to let him ghost her autobiography, which was published by Montedori of Milan in 1948. At the time, it was observed that the book she wrote with Signor Chinigo's help gave a very different impression from the series of articles which another Italian journalist, Signor d'Agostini, had published the year before. These conversations with Rachele gave a picture of a simple, loyal peasant woman, with no comprehension of politics. Under Chinigo's tuition, on the other hand, Signora Mussolini becomes a floridly patriotic Fascist, with the style of a third-rate leader-writer.

The contrast is disturbing, but does it cast doubts on the authenticity of the autobiography, now translated (by Chinigo) under the title *My Life with Mussolini*? At first I decided it did, and was prepared to assert that even the diary excerpts, of which the book largely consists, had been doctored. But when I had finished reading I was willing to believe that the suppressions of fact and the opinionated bombast with which it abounds are all part of the ornate myth which Signora Mussolini has created to conceal the terrible truth about her husband. A woman must be very simple and ill-educated to think she can get away with the accounts of the Matteotti murder and of Mussolini's affair with Claretta Petacci which she inserts in the autobiography. It would be absurd to suggest that the head of the International News Service could possibly believe such nonsense. What he must have done is to record quite accurately what the old lady told him and copy out the *ipsissima verba* which Mussolini compelled his faithful wife to write into her diary. Signora Mussolini must know that in his private life her husband was a promiscuous syphilitic, but that has made her all the more determined to believe in his public greatness.

Occasionally we find an anecdote that rings true. Here, for instance, is Mussolini in 1931, visiting his old school and finding that the teachers looked a shoddy lot.

> He brought up the subject again that evening, as he always did when there was something on his mind. 'That's settled!' he exclaimed. His solution was that the teachers should be provided with some sort of uniform. 'We'll create the right atmosphere, where the premises and the teachers themselves are the personification of order.'

At one point only does the book achieve a real dignity. I quote the paragraph verbatim.

> I should like to say something about Mussolini's relationships with women because I have a greater right than anyone else to express opinions on the subject. But my memory of him as an affectionate father and husband prompts me to greater indulgence than has ever been accorded to him, alive or dead. So I shall confine myself, as I have done hitherto, to a few notes in order of time.

So the old peasant woman erected this grandiose and completely phoney memorial to the posturing creature who betrayed her whenever opportunity offered and yet came running back to be lectured and loved when things went wrong. The whole book is a lie, but out of its untruth emerges the touching picture of a cardboard Cæsar's wife, faithful even beyond the grave.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Love and Money in Japan

The Japanese Family Storehouse: or The Millionaires' Gospel Modernised. By IHARA SAIKAKU. Translated by G. W. SARGENT. *Cambridge.* 60s.

The Japanese and the English are overcrowded insular races with a taste for tradition and ceremony. Both have military energy, maritime abilities, and industrial skill. They also have it in common that each is a nation of shopkeepers. But in reading this interesting translation of tales of shopkeeping by Saikaku (1642-1693) an English reader, even with a tremendous apparatus of notes to enlighten him, must still have a sensation of groping towards an understanding. It is not that Mr Sargent's English is in the least unclear, or that the seven years he has spent in preparing this book have not been well spent, or that his scholarship is anything but impressive; it is simply that the world and mind and literary style of Saikaku are very far from familiar to us. We seize upon what is least strange, so that when a shopkeeper in low water takes heart, like Robert the Bruce, from the persistence of a spider, we think we know where we are – even if this spider was spinning between a bamboo and a cryptomeria. But the pleasure of recognising a homely, porridge-fed moralist in a far-off, Far Eastern person is at once dashed by Mr Sargent's suggestion of the dreadful possibility that this priggish, example-setting spider in Nagasaki may have been a mere importation.

Once again we try to spin our little web of understanding. Saikaku, an outstanding popular fictionist, was for most of his literary career not a story-teller, but a poet. As Japanese poetry is so unlike ours, we must just swallow our incomprehension when we learn that he beat his own record by composing four thousand verses in twenty-four hours. We are to see him as a representative of the new urban middle class, self-confident and assertive, that arose in the seventeenth century after the establishment of political security by the Tokugawa shogunate. Traditional moons and birds and blossoms, as themes for poetry, were now supplemented by topics like brothels and bankruptcies and the price of rice. The verse of this *avant-garde* poet, perhaps because nothing fades like fashion, is no longer read; his prose, the fictional output of his later life, has proved – some of it – more durable.

When I first expressed curiosity about Saikaku (this was in Japan, years ago) I was met with a leer. Mr Sargent says it is still a popular supposition in Japan that Saikaku was a pornographer. The fact is that he wrote a good deal on erotic themes, adventures in brothels, and homosexuality. But, Mr Sargent explains, the brothel

'On the wall of his cell the condemned man was painting a door—so realistic that it seemed he had only to lift the latch and walk out.'

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quarters in the Japanese cities were centres of fashion and of the new bourgeois culture; for two hundred and fifty years popular literature and art drew inspiration from them; and the experiences of brothel customers and of courtesans 'constituted the obvious literary material for a townsman writer of the age' concerned with the manners of his own class. As for his concern with male prostitution and homosexual love, Saikaku was neither new nor shocking: romance and prestige had been associated with these things in earlier centuries than his, and he was neither a sensational muck-raker nor a reforming moralist.

No doubt the Western reader might find some of Saikaku's writings more piquant than the book which Mr Sargent has chosen to translate, but this is held to be one of his masterpieces. It is a collection of short stories, not much like Western short stories, on the general theme of the tradesman's pursuit of wealth. Related digressions (in accordance with the poetic tradition that evolved this writer) rather than close-knit plots give the stories their shape and unity. To some extent the stories are a modernisation of an earlier and more didactic work, and the hints on how to get rich, and the glorification of material success, exclude on the whole strong emotional feeling, but not sophistication and not 'other criteria than the purely material'. There are streaks of humour and satire among the precepts ('The golden rule for men is to save in youth and spend in old age'); sound advice and platitudinous moralisings are mingled with near-parodies of themselves; and there are splendidly exact and detailed passages of direct observation of the miserly, the spendthrift, the successful and the poor. Again and again, through the fogs and bewilderments of time and space and ignorance of a remote and alien civilisation, there are marvellous glimpses of human beings, as clear and fresh as on the day they were first caught. The fogs vanish: we are in the presence of a first-rate writer. For instance, we are in a pawnshop. In no time (and Balzac would have approved) we know all about the pawnbroker's struggles, and the pathos (which Gorky would have responded to, and which the pawnbroker must ignore) of his customers. One of them, after parting with his umbrella for almost nothing, steps out into pouring rain. A housewife, inadequately dressed for the chill autumn, parts with her 'soiled underslip', and has to brave mocking glances. A girl of twelve and her urchin brother of six or seven struggle into the shop at each end of a heavy ladder, and spend the money advanced to them upon 'unhulled rice' and a bundle of firewood. And then:

> a bent old woman of eighty, memories of a lifetime behind her, and a prospect of not so much as a year before her – but still obliged to fight for every day – borrows forty-eight *zeni* on a fish plate and a handless figure of the Buddha.

'Unhulled', 'handless'—there speaks the novelist. It is Mr Sargent's feat to have partly dispersed the ignorance and incomprehension which have kept us from knowing something of a novelist who knew more than many of our esteemed novelists about love and money, and who brought to the task of writing about them a strenuous poetic training and the eye of a man who noticed his fellow-men.

WILLIAM PLOMER

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Science and History

Robert Boyle, Father of Chemistry. By ROGER PILKINGTON. *Murray*. 18*s*.

How remote they are, the early scientists! When we read their works we do so from curiosity, from piety, or perhaps because we are losing interest in scientific research – not from any expectation of learning much of scientific interest. The valid contributions of the pioneers are implicit in every scientific paper written today; their less happy conjectures interest only a few historians of ideas. The poets, philosophers, bishops and statesmen of the seventeenth century mean more to us as men than do Newton or Boyle.

This is not an unfortunate accident, or the result of a conspiracy of humanists to deny interest to the history of science; it is a consequence of the nature of science itself. Science is essentially progressive, in a way in which literature, politics, religion and other activities founded on the nature of man rather than on his knowledge of the external world are not. If Boyle's Law is a simple consequence of the kinetic theory of gases, this relieves us of any necessity for reading Boyle on the 'spring of air.' And if we want to know exactly what the spring of air is, we do not turn to Boyle, but to the work of Holborn and Otto, who used a more precise experimental technique. This is the fact behind the lament that it is possible to obtain an honours degree in science without having read a single work of genius, a criticism based on an irrelevant literary approach. A more important fact is that it is impossible to obtain an honours degree in science without understanding some physical insight of genius.

Science is both personal, in that its advance depends upon insights obtained by persons, and impersonal, in that once the insight is accepted, the manner of its original presentation is usually of trivial importance for the scientist. For example, the insight of genius in molecular theory was that of Avogadro, but the presentation which led to its acceptance was that of Cannizzaro, forty years later. Moreover, there is no *scientific* need for chemists to read Avogadro or Cannizzaro today. Dr Pilkington, on the other hand, believes that 'it is perhaps one of the tragedies of the teaching of modern science that the men who laid the foundations . . . rarely appear even as the most shadowy figures'. It may be a tragedy of the teaching of history that this is so, but hardly a tragedy of *science* teaching.

Curiosity about the lives of great scientists should, however, be satisfied, and Dr Pilkington's straightforward short biography of Boyle is a useful addition to the literature. It gives as much weight to his religious as to his scientific development, and contains information about his family, his education, his travels, his religious experiences, and his research organisation. It summarises the state of chemistry in the seventeenth century and gives a clear account of Boyle's own contribution. It does not go very deep, and an impression of superficiality is enhanced by a chatty prose style of which this is a fair sample: 'We need not speculate on the success or failure which might have been his as a militant cavalier, for in the nick of time he had the good fortune to hear a quite unexpected piece of news which was to alter the entire course of events.' And, unfortunately, 'The actual nature of the Philosopher's Stone is obscure.'

T. L. COTTRELL

Shorter Reviews

The Ghost Squad. By EX-SUPERINTENDENT JOHN GOSLING. *W. H. Allen*. 16*s*.

Quite as unabashed as most of these top-cop reminiscences, Superintendent Gosling's book is nevertheless readable, amusing, probable, outspoken, and often downright funny. 'Ghost Squad' was the name given by the Press to a very small working party of anonymous CID men convened in 1945 to 'intensify' police action against crime. If it is to be judged by this book (a proviso not meant suspiciously or unkindly) it had a successful run for four experimental years. It was then, incredibly, disbanded. According to Ex-Chief Constable Worth, who writes a foreword, this squad 'became possessed of powers previously unheard of in the CID', but the book does not disclose what these were. Certainly the squad were not given any special warrant by the law: perhaps they had an extreme form of internal autonomy, the kind to produce results or else.

The book has two unusual qualities. One is its absolutely frank acknowledgement of the part played by the paid informer. (Scotland Yard might decently erect a small cenotaph to the Unknown Nark, and put a wreath on it at the conclusion of each successful case, marking the papers accordingly before putting them away.) The other is its exhilarating parade of engagingly-presented characters: 'There was Bert the Screwsman. . . . A tiny man, he once hid in an incredibly small dustbin while I was looking for him. Afterwards he said: "You want to keep your bloody eyes open". He died in Chichester while trying to swing a Bentley, and I well remember him telling me a few weeks earlier that the only time he ever felt really well was in someone else's bedroom stealing their money and jewels.' And then Bacon Sam: 'That third boy of mine's in trouble again. Can't understand it. He's a good boy. Everything he nicks he brings home.'

C. H. R.

The Spanish Town Papers. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. *Cresset*. 21*s*.

Miss Robertson has made a selection from the papers of the thousand or so ships which were captured in the Caribbean during the American War of Independence and taken to the Vice-Admiralty Court in Jamaica to face charges of 'trading with the Ameri-

can Colonies in Rebellion'. If the charges were proved the ship and its cargo were sold and the judge got three per cent. of the proceeds: the charges were usually proved. The papers, while not startling, are full of interest. We find, for instance, that merchants in Liverpool continued to trade with the enemy; that the Americans had agents in Jamaica to buy back their captured ships; and that the Jamaican agents, acting for captors and captives, were busy and happy. Profits were huge but ships' crews were treated shabbily, with no sense of impropriety, just as there was no animosity towards the Negro slaves: they were simply cargo. This callousness seemed to enter nearly every relationship. 'Dear Son,' runs one letter, '*we have not heard from* Your brother John *and think he* fell over board at Sea and was Drowned.' The words in italics were so carelessly scratched out by the 'affectionate father' that they remain legible. But there are more charming documents: an angry letter from an American woman to her faithless captain; a sailor's adaptation of a love letter composed by a professional letter-writer ('let the Geneal Rays of thy Benevolence melt the Icy Emanations of thy disdain' becomes pathetically, 'I hope that you will not take the Swiss'); and, most moving of all, an unfinished letter: 'Having seen a small book of Secrets . . . for the cure of Cancer by eating some Lizard . . . and having in Cadiz a Sister . . . whom they have twice cut for a cancer I shall entreat your good heart to send me . . . a small case or jar with the said Lizard.'

V. S. N.

Week–end Competition

Competitors are asked to compose a rollicking Song of the Road (alternative title: Hitting the Trail)—in the vein of Belloc, Stevenson, Masefield or Robert W. Service—to be signed K, Ike, Mac, Hugh, *or* Nye. Limit, 16 lines: entries by 15 September.

Result of No. 1,538 Set by G. W. Stonier

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Now, hands that do dishes may be soft as your face
So-o-oft as your face,
With new, new Fairy Liquid!

So, unforgettably, runs one of ITV's balmiest lyrics. With an Election approaching, and politics taking up more and more screen time, may we expect politicians to adopt a similar tone? Usual prizes for such lyrics, advertising a politician, a policy, or a party. Limit 12 lines.

Report

I am grateful to competitors who have provided me as a telly-addict with new words for old slogans that have come to haunt me day and night. In future I shall bubble with the joy of

Hailsham! Hailsham!
For inner cleanliness!

and

Oh you
Dear Hugh,
So wise and good.

and

It's wonderful! It's thrillin'
To be ruled by MACMILLAN,
So grave and so suave, and so debonair. . . .

or—same tune, different image—

We'll grow a little commier each day
With fabulous Mr K.

To say nothing of the appeals of 'That Lovely Liberal Feeling', and 'Top People! Top People! Top People love the Tories', and 'Come to the Party Clean, Labour Saving, Labour Saving . . .'

After more than the usual shuffle I award prizes, equally divided, to B. R. Wells, P. W. R. Foot, James S. Fidgen, Valerie Minogue, N. Nadin, E. C. Jenkins, and J. S.

Excitingly new!
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P. W. R. Foot

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It's so brinky
It's so brinky.
For it keeps the market prices high as sputniks up above,
Tho' it's brinky . . .
'Cos it's brinky.
All the makers of the rockets and the bomb they daren't ban
Support it to a man.
Cold war tension is the policy that stock exchanges love.
Take the brinkmanship li-ine!
Take the brinkmanship line!

James S. Fidgen

'Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue . . . ?'
Yes, all these things we bring to you
And something WONDERFUL too—
New GENTLE Strength that works persistently.
Don't leave us on the shelf,
Try us and see for yourself,
Liberal sparkle dissolves tariffs instantly!
—Disarms even the most belligerent,
Why! even the weather feels different!

Step out and set those joy-bells pealing—
Get that lovely leisured Lib'ral feeling!

Valerie Minogue

Moonlight polling booths
Heart and heaven deepest blue,
Fragile hands that cast a vote
Softly, gently,
Lips that murmur 'Status Quo'.

J. S.

Don't forget the Tories, Mum,
I just love the Tories, Mum,
Tories have such scrumptious Parties,
Ones that last for years.
Don't forget the Tories, Mum,
My Pals' Dads vote Tory, Mum,
Tories give us cheaper sweeties,
Cigarettes and beers;
Don't forget the Tories, Mum,
They are England's Glory, Mum,
They will raise your Old Age Pension,
Give 'em three Blue Cheers.

N. Nadin

Mr Partington de Bruyter
Is the white man who is whiter,
Just the chap to represent you at St Stephen's;
He's above all party slanging,
And he's sure keen on hanging,
And he guarantees to right your little grievance.
He won't promise you the earth,
But you'll have your money's worth,
For the interests of our country what a fighter,
Mr B.'s got vital grit in him,
And that's the stuff that's fitting him
To sit in Parliament for You—De Bruyter!

E. C. Jenkins

City Lights

Money Muddles

There's nothing quite like monetary policy for producing eccentric passions and absurd situations. Take Canada, for example. The Canadian government is working hard to accelerate the country's relatively slow recovery from the recent recession.

The Bank of Canada, however, is much more concerned with the danger of inflation next year or the year after, and has been operating vigorously in the market to reduce the supply of money. Interest rates have been rising and have now risen to the point where the banks can argue that, since they must pay more for loans from the central bank than they are allowed by law to charge on advances to customers, these advances must be reduced. The government is furious, and has said so. Last week the Finance Minister took the unusual step of turning down a quarter of the bids put in for the weekly offering of Treasury bills and succeeded in getting the rate down a little, but open warfare of this kind between the government and the central bank cannot continue for long without doing serious damage.

The situation is less serious but equally absurd in the United States. Most people in Europe are now prepared to admit that, if the government should be borrowing long rather than short and if for any reason—shortage of capital, or fear of inflation, or whatever—it is difficult to sell long-dated stock at what used to seem a reasonable price, then interest rates should go up: the cost to the community of a bigger interest item in the

4¼%

Income tax paid by the Society the equivalent of a gross yield (with income tax at the standard rate of 7/9d. in the £) of 7%
(Until 1st January 1960 a rate of interest of 4¼% will be paid by the Society).

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INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY

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C. MONTAGUE, F.A.C.C.A., F.B.S.,
West London Investment Building Society, 199 Uxbridge Road, W.12.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NS

Budget is a good deal less than that of financial and economic mismanagement. But monetary sentimentalists are even more common in the United States than they are here. There is a legal ceiling on the interest rate which the Treasury may offer on long-term bonds, and Congress has refused to raise it, even to help the Treasury. The result is that long-term borrowing is impossible for the time being and that three-quarters of the national debt is due for redemption within five years – by some means or other that no one clearly foresees.

This has not prevented the Federal Reserve from tightening up. Scarcer money and the prospect of heavy government borrowing in the money market have caused short-term interest rates to jump. The bill rate rose sharply a week ago and rose further this week, despite a reduction in the number of bills offered; the banks have increased their lending rates again, and a further increase in the official discount rate is almost certain to come before long. Wall Street is watching uneasily. The London gilt-edged market, noting the increase in North American rates and the rumours of a possible increase in German rates, is thinking very hard about Bank rate; although bill rate remained unchanged last week and an immediate rise in Bank rate seems unlikely, it would not be at all surprising on conventional pre-Radcliffe grounds if a rise were to take place later in the autumn – particularly if there is an election.

* * *

Lloyd's, you must have heard a hundred times at cocktail parties, has been having a thin time of it. The figures for the 1956 account—insurance liabilities take time to settle, so Lloyd's works on a three-year accounting period—fully explain the disillusioned look on the faces of the bright young men. The ratio of profits to income, which had been seven per cent. in 1954 and 5.4 per cent. in 1955, fell to only 2.2 per cent., and it is plain that a good many syndicates must have been operating at a loss. Competition has been increasing steadily. The setting up of new insurance companies abroad, often for mainly political reasons, has left Lloyd's with its bread-and-butter work of reinsurance while depriving it of much of the jam; the public, especially the North American public, is increasingly coming to regard insurance companies as a rich and alien abstraction, analogous to the state, to be milked as thoroughly as possible. In the past few years, moreover, there has been a remarkable coincidence of wrecks, hurricanes, fires and storms, and claims have risen faster than premium income. Insurers generally are now trying out the same remedy as seemed to work with motor car business—an increase in premiums. Lloyd's may already be out of the red; but it is most unlikely that it will ever get back to the palmy days of the early 1950s. Not the least of its troubles springs from the increase in the number of underwriters which the very palminess of those days brought about.

* * *

Mr Clore is not primarily a property man, but who can afford to neglect so profitable a business altogether? His property company, City & Central Investments, owns the Prince of Wales Theatre and the usual batch of large office blocks. A small block of shares was floated off to the public this week at a price which puts a value of £10m on the company. The property boom is not what it used to be, but one can be certain that the combination of property and Mr Clore will always flutter the investing public.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 512. The Easier Way

Who wouldn't like to take it? Particularly when one has a slight advantage and when, as so often happens in a case like that, there would seem to be several ways to win. One had better take the easier one or, at any rate, avoid the one that may only seem to lead to victory and actually leads to perdition. Here, a case in point, is the adjourned position which Trifunovic (Black) achieved against Clarke at Wageningen, 1957. /8/7p/3Pk3/5p2/4rB2/1pK3PP/1Rb5/8/. In spite of material equality Black, undoubtedly, has a decisive advantage since White, sooner or later, will have to give up his incarcerated R for B & P. In the adjournment analysis Trifunovic's 'Second' had suggested to resume by (1) . . . K-Q5 the idea being that (2) P-Q7 would be ruled out on account of . . . R-B5 ch; (3) K-Q2, R-Q5 ch; (4) K-K3, K-B5, and White's passed P would be lost. Trifunovic had already noted . . . K-Q5 on his score-sheet, but before touching the piece he did what every good chessplayer ought to do before every move: he had yet another think and was shocked to discover that after (1) . . . K-Q5??; (2) R x P!!, B x R; (3) P-Q7! the P could no longer be stopped. With a sigh of relief Trifunovic deleted the bloomer from his score-sheet and substituted . . . P-R4, the obvious threat being . . . P-R5, and thereafter he won the game by subtle tempo-play like this.

(2) P-R4, K-Q2; (3) R x P, B x R; (4) K x B, R-Q5! [The best move since . . . K-B3? would allow the White K to reach KB3 for a draw]; (5) K-B3, R-Q8; (6) K-B4, K-B3; (7) B-K5, R-Q7; (8) B-B4, R-Q4 [Forcing the K to move]; (9) K-Kt3? (K-Kt4!), K-B4; [Now the K must move again and will soon be driven to the wall]; (10) K-B3, K-Kt4; (11) K-Kt3, R-Q6 ch; (12) K-B2, K-B5; (13) B-K5, R-Q4 [Some more tempo-play]; (14) B-B4, R-Q5; (15) K-Kt2, R-Q6; (16) K-B2, R-Q4; (17) K-Kt2, K-Q6; (18) K-Kt3, [K-R3 would make it more difficult for Black, but couldn't save the game either]. R-Kt4 ch; (19) K-R4, K-B5; (20) K-R3, K-B6; (21) K-R2 [Obviously K-R4 would court immediate *zugzwang*-disaster by . . . R-Q4]. R-R4 ch; (22) K-Kt1, K-Kt6, and White resigned since now after (23) K-B1 he is forced into immediately fatal *zugzwang* by . . . R-Q4.

All very subtle and certainly good enough to prove the point, but after the game Trifunovic found out that he could have saved himself a lot of trouble by simply playing (1) . . . R x B; (2) P x R, K x P, whereupon after (3) K-Q4, P-R3!; (4) P-R4, P-R4 White might have resigned right away.

As for the easy and the not so easy way, here (Talantyre-Liddel, Newcastle, 1893) is a celebrated position in which White, oblivious of the easy way, sought some fantastic albeit very brilliant complications quite unnecessarily. /r5kr/p3PR1p/1p1p2pq/4kt3/8/3B4/P4QPP/4R1K1/. White forced a spectacular mate by (1) R x Kt, P x R; (2) R-B8 ch, R x R; (3) B-B4 ch, K-Kt2; (4) P = Kt ch R x Kt; (5) Q-B7 mate. Pretty fireworks indeed, but one single move (and a fairly simple one too) would have served the purpose of forcing Black's immediate resignation; and to find that move may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B, a win, is quite instructive and almost too easy for 6 ladder-points.

C, a draw, is one of the 'classics' and hardly overrated at 7 points for those who don't know it.

B: *Bernhardt:* /8/p4pp1/2KP3p/5P1P/3k4/8/2P5/4b3/.

C: *Kubbel:* /k7/8/P7/Kt1p5/8/R1P1P3/1K5p/5p2/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 14 September.

REPORT on No. 509. Set 15 August.

A: (8) B-K3, Q x KtP ??; (9) Kt-R4, Q-Kt5 ch; (10) B-Q2, Q-R6; (11) Kt-Kt5 ch.

B: (1) B-B8 ch, K-K4; (2) K-K3, Q x B; (3) Q-KB4 ch, K-Q4; (4) Q-K4 ch, K-B4; (5) Q-B2 ch, etc.

C: (1) B-Kt5 ch, K-B2; (2) R-B5 ch, K-Q3 (best); (3) B-R6! (Now, if Black queens his P he is mated and if he takes the R he loses the P), K-K2; (4) P-B6 ch, K-K3; (5) R-B5!, K x R; (6) P-B7, etc.

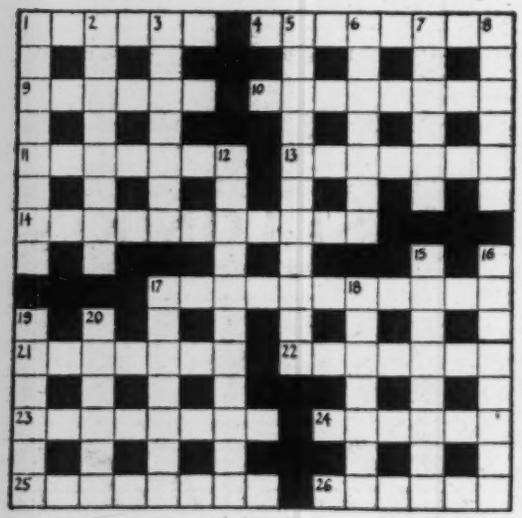
If (4) . . . K x P; (5) R-B8 etc.,

A relatively easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes: D. E. Cohen, S. N. Collings, J. W. Ecelson, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 369

Prizes. Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 369, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 15 Sept.



ACROSS

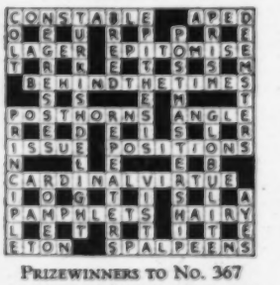
1. Good holes for birds (6).
4. Obstinate and retrogressive objections produced (8).
9. 'A timely utterance gave that thought ——' (Wordsworth) (6).
10. Dying with the doctor in possession (8).
11. The workers will do for those who deprive them of pay (7).
13. What speech is for the navy after lives have been transformed (7).
14. 'From the —— tree you get grapes and green pea' (Gilbert) (11).
17. Pill not even dispensed in prison (11).
21. The country's conditions make the Indian backward in religion (7).
22 & 26. Fevers which may make one pity then curse (7 & 6).
23. Song which turns a girl mad (8).
24. Fate has nothing on the clergy (6).
25. American writers are at the heart of the uncertainty (8).
26. See 22.

DOWN

1. A politician includes an artist on an archaeological expedition as an example (8).
2. Plans for where French is often spoken among East Europeans (8).
3. The means of control is included (7).
5. She is finished with housework and favours dancing (11).
6. A penny in the hat for Shakespeare's murderer (7).
7. Dickensian character who makes an appeal to something inside one (6).
8. The Greyfriars boy keeps the information in his head (6).
12. Curious methods for a detective (11).
15. Weird but it puts old age before the wealthy, by the sound of it (8).
16. Something humanitarian makes the revolutionary angry (3, 5).
17. Something sweet which gives the prince an occupation (7).
18. Essentially the full number of weapons (7).
19. Makes short work of the rascals (6).
20. The publisher to take our breath away (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 367



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 367

Mrs D. C. Allan (Edinburgh, 9)
A. J. Ryder (London, NW6)
R. Cooper (London, SW13)

PERSONAL

WANTED. Foster Parents with patience and understanding who are willing to persevere to make a home for a 13-year old affectionate, deprived boy, with growing anti-social tendencies. Please reply to Box 10487.

STUDENT m. in need grateful anyone wanting help in home in exch. for room, pref. near Univ. Coll. Lond. Box 10670.

ENGLISH translator of Griechische Freiheit wants good German cnvrstn based on the text (ancient Greek an asset). Offers good Eng./French, use piano & ref. lbry in Hons. grad. milieu NW1 &/or fee. Box 10586.

CULTURED man, travelled, with wide sympathies, would consider (almost) any job in connection with travel, books, or classical records. Box 10591.

STUDENT or teacher wanted in the household of a German manufacturer for the teaching of the English language to adults and pupils. Period of time 3-6 months. The costs of passage will be reimbursed & a salary fixed after mutual agreement. Write Sec., 'Triumph', 22-24 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1

WANTED – a Clavichord – Moss, 73 Crouch Hill, London, N4.

ELDERLY lady, diabetic & rather deaf but not infirm, offers comfortable home and salary by arrangement to kindly person to help run small flat, Golders Green. Box 10637.

SHORT-sighted girl aged 20-30 offered TV part. Applicants should wear glasses for cataract or short sight (prescription minus 20 or over) or any unusual type of very strong lens. Acting exp. unnec. Box 10075.

WANTED, to borrow, for examination purposes, student's lecture notes (Hons. standard) on Philosophy, including Political Theory, Scientific Method and Philosophy of Mind. State terms. Box 10480.

HOME wanted for elderly diabetic lady, preferably but not essentially NW London, where she could have some of her own furniture. Able to pay well. Box 10638.

PEDIGREE Siamese kittens for sale. Poulton, 5 Wilton Square, N1. CAN. 8499.

ELDERLY Gentleman looks for very quiet holiday convalescent home, or similar with sociable atmosphere. Box 10524.

FREE furn. rm mod. hse Hampstead, in return sitting-in. Refs essent. Box 10807.

AS short as you like but not longer than 250 words. An idea wanted for a 3-4 minute road safety film for cinema showing. To be produced professionally on a limited budget. Ten Pounds for the idea used. Closing date 19 September. To – Road Safety Organiser, Civic Centre, Dagenham, Essex.

ACCOMMODATION for 300 members of mixed Youth Movement required for Xmas/New Year period for Conference. Must include one large hall plus dining hall. Organisation can provide own chairs, tables, beds and wishes do own cooking. Pref. nr London standing in own grounds (Stately Home?). Possib. of subsequent use depends entirely on whether place satisfactory. Offers Box 10596.

PROFESSIONAL man (40) wishes to share his pleasant house by the sea (Saltdean, Brighton). Box 10699.

MUSIC & Poetry Week-end: 25 Sept. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for list of courses. Checkendon 221.

PIED à l'eau in Bow. Healthy young man to share houseboat, app. 15s. p.w. Own cabin, help reqd reconstruction. Box 10885.

FREE Winter Sports holiday is offered to organisers of private parties (juvenile or adult). Details from Box 10905.

POSITANO: Luxury villa to let furnished, very low rent, winter months only. Write Box 10536.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ATTR. furn. large bed-sit., elegant house, NW2. All facs. GLA. 9088 after 6.

B/sit. mod. flat c.h.w., cen. h. share b/k. with tol. owner £18 mth. PRI. 3616.

YOUNG lady 24 requires 2 others to share large attractive SW1 flat. Box 10875.

SINGLE bedroom & sitting-room, use bathroom & kit., Kinnerton St, SW1. To let to profess./business lady. Box 10919.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HOLLAND Park. Bed-sit. room, use kit. in prof. woman's flat. School terms only if prefd. £2 10s. p.w. PARk 3696 after 5 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE furn. large double b/s. with kitchenette. 4 gns. p.w. TUD. 0516.

MAIDA Vale. Furn. b/s., basin, ckg facs, use bath. Prof. lady. 55s. CUN. 6259.

TWO young women seek 3rd to share Hampstd flat. Own rm £3. GUL. 1136.

MON.-Fri. or during term, b/s. share k. & frig. 30s. Nr Swiss Cot. Box 10891.

PLEAS. 3-room furn. flat overlooking park suitable 2 pers. 5 gns. Box 10666.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

EDITOR'S widow offers to 1 male, mature, solvent, civilised, tiny bungalow (elec., c.h.w., tel.), 6werlkg N. Downs, 1 hr C. London, set in lovely hillside garden. Low rent in return some garden help. 19 Sept. to end March. Tel.: Biggin Hill 0370.

FURN. cottage to let Sept.-March, 4 gns. p.w. Lovely Sussex village near coast. Mod. cons. Box 10541.

MODNSD hol. cottages, red. rates from 5 Sept. Portland Hse, Aberayron, Cards.

CORNWALL. Mousehole. Cottage, sleep four, 19 Sept. to 31 Oct. £5 weekly. Winter months, 30s. weekly. Box 10657.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

MIDDLE-AGED couple. Unfurn. flat reqd Central London or near. Box 10632.

YNG man, 20's, shs pleas. flat, share, NW or sim. Nation. immaterial. Box 10567.

MUSICIAN (classical) seeks pleasant accomm., £4, near W1. Box 10687.

QUIET cple req. unf. s/c. flat easy reach W/End. Max £300 p.a. Box 10816.

UNFURNISHED flat, two rooms, kit. & bath, required by students. HAM. 3148.

YG couple, baby, urg. req. furn./unf. flat/hse, access Northern Line. Box 10880.

GIRL wants share another's Chelsea flat; likes jazz, theatre, bks. Box 10578.

PROPERTY TO LET

COTTAGE, furnished, remote, vacant Nov.-Apr. £1 p.w. Roberts, Manor Farm, Petertavy, Tavistock.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

DORSET, village stores and sub post office. Charming old 3-bedroomed cottage with bathroom, Secluded garden. Urgent sale owing to bereavement. £2,500. Box 10655.

£4,250 Georgian House, Hemel Hempstead, open views, large rooms (22ft×14ft, 35ft×14, etc.), 2 rec., 3 beds, all mod. cons, lge gdn, 3 garages, plus two cotts (one vac. possn soon), or £3,100 hse & 2 garages. Write Gorge, The Hollies, Chalford, Stroud, Glos.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JOHN O'London's out 8 Oct. Spec. subscription offer: 65 issues for price of 52 (£2). Write 54 Bloomsbury St, WC1.

FILM Magazine. Eric Moonman on Ingmar Bergman, Gideon Bachmann describes Flaherty, Newsreel, current Continental Diary. Photos. Special 40-page September edition. 1s. from G. O'Halloran, 1 Kingsway, WC2. Collets, Bookshops.

STREAMLINING the Press. Education: Tory Record. Building Industry. Labour Research 9d (11s p.a.). 161 Drury Lane WC2.

DUTT, 'Election Outlook'; Pritt, 'Light on Nyasaland'; Macartney, 'The Last Radical'; Quaestor, 'Twenty Years After'; 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post free) Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

BOUND volumes or loose issues – but these in reasonable runs – of the following newspapers from their inception to the year 1953 wanted: Daily Express, Daily Herald, Daily Telegraph, Observer, Economist, Manchester Guardian, New Statesman & Nation. Also wanted: Times Official Index, Palmer's Index to the Times; English Catalogue of Books, Nature. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish Street, London, W1. MUSeum 5250.

CND? Do not miss the September Socialist Standard, 8d., post free. Write: SPGB, 52 Clapham High Street, London, SW4.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

LOW-priced French Books. Complete list of the famous 'Livre de Poche' series free on request. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, London, W1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School moving to High Canons, near Barnet, next term. Freedom and self-government in a large country house and 26 wild acres. Full and weekly boarders. Bus from Barnet to School and back for day children. Headmaster: J. East.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.
N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1
Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

The Principal of Bretton Hall, West Bretton, Wakefield, Yorkshire, would be glad to know of an artist (Needlecraft and Embroidery), who would like to carry on her own work at the College whilst giving some instruction to students.

STELLA FISHER IN THE STRAND

A well-run Employment Agency which provides a personnel selection service for London's leading employers. Office workers of both sexes are invited to contact STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, London, WC2. TEM. 6644. Licensed by LCC. Members of EMPLOYMENT AGENTS' FEDERATION.

ARCHITECTS: Ministry of Health. Pensionable posts (1 Senior, 2 Main Grade) in an active and expanding design and development unit in London for registered Architects (men and women) who have experience of client-architect briefing, collaboration with engineers, manufacturers, or research organisations in the development of new techniques or specialist services, and of design cost data. Experience of hospital building an advantage. Duties include collation of experience in design, construction and building costs of hospitals, etc., with a view both to the publication of bulletins and to building prototypes to illustrate the latest advances in medical and structural techniques. Men's salary £1,840 – £2,120 (Senior post) or £1,325 – £1,780 (Main Grade posts). Starting salary may be above minimum in each case. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S5019/59. Closing date 17 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Chair of Economics. Applications are invited for the above Chair. Salary between £2,268 and £2,548 per annum, at fixed point determined by qualifications and experience. Allowances: expatriation £378 per annum, variable allowance including cost of living allowance £210-£560 per annum. Allowances payable are subject to revision or abolition at any time. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Part-furnished quarters at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Details of the general terms and conditions of appointment in the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post in the Department of Education. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1960, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £2,300 × £75 – £2,600 per annum. In addition, it is anticipated that the University will be authorised to pay an annual vacation bonus of £60. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is also compulsory in the case of an officer who is eligible for such membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to the above vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London on 30 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Department of Sociology and Social Work. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Sociology, Durban. The salary scale attached to the post is £1,050 × £60 – £1,530 per annum. The commencing notch on this scale will be dependent on the qualifications and/or experience of the successful candidate. The appointment to this post will be on a three-year contract basis in the first instance. Application forms and further particulars of the post, including commencing dates, etc., are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in S. Africa and London on 15 Oct. 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Temporary Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above position. The appointment will be for a period of two years but may be extended for a further period of two years. The Lecturer must be of French birth and education; he must be a licencié-ès-lettres or an élève de l'Ecole Normale Supérieure, or the holder of certificates of equivalent educational standing; his French accent must be free from dialectal peculiarities and he must have a thorough knowledge of French literature and be conversant with the phonetics of the French language. The salary will be according to qualifications within the range £1,500-£2,100 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from Monsieur le Directeur Général, Bureau des Relations Culturelles, Quai d'Orsay, Paris. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 3 October 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Social Administration. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have training and experience in the Social Science field, preferably Economic History with Sociology or Political Science. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 October 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Philosophy from a recognised University and a general knowledge of the history of modern problems, with a special interest also in Logic and Scientific Method, and recent trends in philosophical analysis. Salary £A1540/£A2040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from Sec., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applns close in Australia and London on 30 Sept. 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Italian. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should be people whose mother tongue is English and who have had advanced university training in Italian Language and Literature. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500–90–£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 10 October 1959.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Lecturer in the Department of History. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above post. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1960 or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £1,110 × 60 – £1,650. An initial salary above the commencing notch of the scale may be paid if warranted on the grounds of qualifications and experience. In addition, the University is authorised, subject to government regulations, to pay an annual vacation savings bonus not exceeding £60. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7% of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in South Africa and London on 30 September 1959.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology from January 1960. The salary scale is £1,050 × £60-£1,530 p.a. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 30 September 1959.

LIBRARY assistant req. (eves from 5.30). Interesting work; small salary. Knowledge of books & typing pref. Box 10674.

RESEARCHER required for small project involving electoral and constitutional questions. 2-3 months. Box 10672.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Booking Manager, Programme Contracts Department, to be responsible to Head of Programme Contracts for negotiating fees and issuing contracts for sound broadcast talks, discussions and commentaries contributed by speakers from all walks of life. Essential qualifications are tact and skill in negotiations with speakers and agents; keen interest in current affairs and knowledge of personalities associated with questions of the day; ability to absorb and apply existing scales of payment, formal regulations and agreements, policy decisions, etc., and to manage staff. Agency or other experience in dealing with journalists, speakers and public personalities in general a useful asset. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1258, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Sub-Editor, Television News in London. Candidates should be trained in journalism or film script writing and will be expected to acquire a sound working knowledge of both skills. Capacity to write good, lively Engli h essential. Most of the work is associated with film or other forms of visual presentation and successful candidates will be called on to write both news stories and news film commentaries. Shift work. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1265 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires applications for Reserve List of Hungarian Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading) to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Hungarian, together with good French, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with promotion to salary range £1,095 – £1,370 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1261, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above post in the Department of English. Duties to be assumed on 1 January 1960, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £1110 × £60 – £1650. An initial salary above the commencing notch of the scale may be paid if warranted on the grounds of qualifications and experience. In addition, the University is authorised, subject to government regulations, to pay an annual vacation savings bonus not exceeding £60. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution of 7% of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 30 September 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 30 Sept., 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and appln forms may be obtained.

OPERATIONAL Research, Air Ministry. Senior Scientific and Scientific Officers required in Scientific Adviser's Dept. Quals.: 1st or 2nd C1. Hons Degree in maths, statistics or physical science such as Physics, Engineering. Hons Degree in natural or social science if candidate possesses at least mathematical knowledge at GCE Adv. level. Appointments offer great scope and interest to versatile scientists capable of working well with Service officers and of adopting methods suited to Service environment. Work is mainly Operational Research in variety of subjects of concern to RAF, including tactics, technical development and logistics and offers SSO and SO entrants valuable experience in principles of Operational Research. Salaries London SSO £1,233 to £1,460. SO £655 to £1,150. Outside London slightly lower. Salaries for women being raised by stages to men's rates. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quoting A.163/9A/PD). Closing date 24 September 1959.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Large advertising agency has a vacancy in its Motivation Research department for a qualified psychologist. Applicants should be interested in personality theory and in social psychology generally and should have had some interviewing experience. Initial salary £900 to £1,000. Bonus and Pension Scheme. Write to the Personnel Manager – F. C. Pritchard, Wood & Partners, Ltd, 197 Knightsbridge, SW7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORFOLK Education Committee. The County Technical College, King's Lynn. Applications are invited from String Specialists for a teaching appointment based on the College but with extra-mural responsibilities. Candidates should be able to teach all stringed instruments and should be competent performers on at least one. The work will be amongst both adults and school children. Salary in accordance with Grade 'A' of Burnham Technical Scale. Application forms and further particulars will be forwarded by the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Road, Norwich, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. F. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications from women with suitable qualifications and experience as Tutor to Training and Refresher Courses for Matrons and Assistant Matrons of Old People's Homes organised by National Old People's Welfare Council. Salary from £800 p.a. Further particulars and applic. forms from 26 Bedford Sq., London, WC1. Closing date 14 Sept.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College. Secondary Technical Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+) – Qualified Master required for Chemistry. Burnham P. and S. salary scale as proposed from 1 October 1959, £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000, plus London Allowance, £38 or £51. Graded post; allowance £150. Additions for qualifications and training. Increments within scale for experience. Application form (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 10 September. (1839.)

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College. Grade B assistant required immediately to teach English to senior students studying for C. and G. O.N.C. and O.N.D. courses in engineering subjects. Burnham F.E. Salary Scale as proposed from 1 October 1959, £700 × £27 10s. to £1,150, plus London Allowance of £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application form (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 10 September. (1840.)

WARDEN required for an experimental Home in Surrey started seven years ago for thirty-five boys on probation between the ages of 15 and 18 years. Depts. for schoolroom teaching, gardening and carpentry. Applicants should have good educational qualifications, a sense of vocation and experience of residential work. A vigorous and lively interest in the moral training of boys is essential. Teaching qualifications an advantage. The initial salary according to qualifications and experience on a scale from £925 to £1025. An excellent flat is available at a small charge. Teachers' or Local Authority Superannuation Scheme. Applications, stating age, education and experience, together with the names of three referees, to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, SW1.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee/Hertfordshire County Council. Applications are invited for the combined post of Whole-time or Part-time Psychotherapist (non-medical) for work at two schools for maladjusted pupils – Epping House, Little Berkhamsted, and Boxmoor School, Hemel Hempstead, and at the Hill End Child Guidance Clinic, St Albans. Duties are in the proportion of two-thirds schools and one-third parents and/or children at the Clinic. Salary scale is £1,000 × £30 – £1,030 × £40 – £1,310 per annum, subject to review. Superannuable post. Travelling and subsistence allowances on National scale. Membership of the Association of Child Psychotherapists (non-medical) desirable. Ability to drive a car an asset. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be forwarded to Dr R. E. Lucas, Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 14 September, 1959.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Educational Psychologists. Two to three additional full-time psychologists required for expansion of Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service and associated School Psychological Service (Soulbury Grade II Scale). Candidates must possess honours degree in psychology or its equivalent, with appropriate clinical training. Training and experience in teaching desirable. The Service offers an unusually wide and varied experience with children from infancy to late adolescence. Clinic may be visited by appointment and further information can be obtained from the Senior Psychologist. Applics, stating age and giving details of training, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts, by 18 September 1959.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Assistant required in Girls' Remand Home, near Chelmsford. Interesting work with delinquent girls. Required to undertake cooking and assist in organisation and supervision of girls' leisure activities and general running of Home. Training in domestic science or previous experience desirable but not essential. Salary £560 × £20 – £640 a year, according to experience, less £120 board and lodging. Own bedroom and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

VOLUNTARY Adult Centre seeks Warden's Secretary to join Houseteam. Write Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DOBROYD Castle School, Todmorden, Lancs. Applications are invited from Qualified Teachers for two posts in this Home Office Approved School for 72 boys—age range 15-18. Applicants should have had wide general teaching experience, including the teaching of educationally sub-normal children. Ability to teach games and organise leisure time activities is essential and in the case of one appointment good PE qualifications will be an added recommendation. Equally important with the foregoing is an attitude of enthusiasm for a job presenting a challenge. Many of the boys are dull and almost all are immature and unstable, often presenting acute behaviour problems. All instruction is closely linked with character training and the men appointed will be expected to take an active part in the general life of the school. The salary is Burnham Scale plus 4 increments (£603 15s. × £26 5s. to £1,050) plus any appropriate allowances. Payment is made for extraneous duty at the rate of £189 per annum. For a married man a small house is available at a rent of £44 6s. per annum. For a single man there is accommodation in the school at an annual charge of £120. Applications, which should be as detailed as possible (no forms), together with the names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire. (2nd advertisement—previous applicants need not re-apply.)

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. An additional teacher is being recruited to train a group of severely subnormal adolescent boys at Hastings. If you think you have the qualities which would enable you to undertake this rewarding work please write to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, SW17, giving details of age, experience, and the names and addresses of two referees.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers required for work with a team dealing, under the general direction of a consultant psychiatrist, with the care and aftercare of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in an interesting and expanding field of Psychiatric Social work. Whitley salary (£610-£845, plus London Weighting) and conditions. Secretarial assistance provided. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1838), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 11 September.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Dept of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Appls and enqs to the Hse Governor, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

SOCIAL Workers: Ministry of Labour and National Service. Four pensionable posts in Industrial Rehabilitation Units for men or women at least 21 on 1 August 1959 with Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) and, preferably, experience of social case work. Duties include advising on resettlement of disabled persons. Starting salary (men, London) £590 at 21 to £720 or higher at 25 or over. Scale maximum (London) £1,085. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5029/59. Closing date 23 Sept 1959.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker (part-time) required for interesting pioneer work amongst subnormal children and adults in North West London. Particulars from Chairman, Elfrida Rathbone Committee, 20 Compton Terrace, N1.

SOCIAL Worker required by expanding Old People's Welfare Association in South London. Wide variety of welfare services undertaken, need for personal casework increasing. Part-time clerical assistance. Salary approx. £500 p.a. in ratio to qualifications. Apply to Miss Hargreaves, 380 New Cross Road, SE14.

FOUNTAIN Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17. Vacancies for student nurses and opportunities for a certain number under 18 years of age to be accepted as Cadets. For older women who do not wish to do the full training there are opportunities available for acceptance as Nursing Assistants in this Hospital caring for mentally handicapped children. Further details supplied upon request by writing to the Matron.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary: £610 to £765 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants must have completed the Registration Examination or hold an equivalent qualification in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness. Applications (with copies of two testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 11 September.

NATIONAL Association of Boys' Clubs invite applications for the post of Officer for Recruitment and Service. Details of the appointment from: The General Secretary, NABC, 17 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Trained and experienced part-time Youth Leaders reqd in Willesden. Fee 29s. 6d. p. eve. (35s. if qualified). Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable within 14 days. (Quote B.60, NS & N.)

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Applications are invited for the following appointments. (1) Child Care Officer (Senior Visitor)—female. (2) Child Care Officer—female. Candidates for above appointments should be suitably qualified and have experience of duties falling to a field worker in a Children's Department. Preference will be given to those holding recognised Child Care qualifications but persons not technically qualified but with wide experience, will receive consideration. Salary—APT I/II (£575-£845) in addition to which the Senior Visitor receives a responsibility allowance. Application forms and full particulars from Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

RESIDENT Assistant Warden required for Mental After Care Hostel, Cambridge. Experience not necessary but must be willing to learn and help with all duties. Starting salary £5 per week, all found. Write Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, SW7.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month, rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Office, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

YOUNG graduates, male or female, immediately required for teaching posts at Berlitz School in Hamburg. Minimum age 24. Please apply with outline of previous career and passport photo to Berlitz School, Hamburg 1, Spitalerstrasse 1, Germany.

TRANSLATORS, technically qualified, to translate publications from either Russian, Polish, Czech, Rumanian, Hungarian, Albanian, Bulgarian or German to English, are required for work with US Forces in Munich, Germany. No limitations as to age and sex. Apply in writing to Mr Jozef Wysocki, 5 Princes Gardens, London, SW7.

EDUCATIONAL Interchange Council reqs Assistant Secretary, £700-£1,000 p.a., acc. exp. and quals to deputise for part-time Gen. Sec. & arrange study visits between UK, Germany, Russia, Yugoslavia, Poland. Langs, exp. in international work, vol. orgs or education an advantage. Applications with copies of two testimonials to 43 Parliament St, SW1.

RIBA woman sub-editor required for the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Salary: In range £600 × £30 – £900 according to age, qualifications. Pension scheme. Will applicants please state in replying to the Editor at what times of day they could come to 66 Portland Place, WC1, for interview, and when they would be free to take up appointment.

FIRST Assistant required for General Secretary's Department. Must have good knowledge of English and book-keeping. Commencing salary £575 to £625 depending on age and qualifications. A knowledge of administration would be an advantage. Superannuation scheme, three weeks' holiday, some housing assistance. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PUBLISHING: The Production Manager of the Folio Society needs a secretary who is also capable of helping in the design and production of fine books. Varied and interesting work for someone who has good shorthand and typing, above average intelligence and initiative. Some knowledge of print is essential. A good salary will be paid to someone with right qualifications. Write to Production Manager, The Folio Society, 70 Brook Street, London, W1.

BOOK Publishers. Vacancy for fully qualified Secretary to Managing Director. Applicant should have initiative and be prepared to take responsibility. London, 5-day week, good salary. Box 10813.

SECRETARIAL Assistant with good shorthand and typing speeds, adaptability and initiative, required for Psychological Research Unit in Medical School, experience in allied field an advantage; varied and interesting work. Commencing salary, according to qualifications and experience, £478 (including £30 London Weighting allowance). Apply, giving full details, or write for an application form (to be returned within seven days) to the Sec., Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (Ref., FPP.)

THE University of Manchester. There is a vacancy for a Secretary in the Department of Town and Country Planning. Applicants should be good shorthand/typists with some administrative experience. Salary in accordance with the University's scales. Applications should be sent to the Professor of Town and Country Planning, The University, Oxford Road, Manchester 13.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation in London has vacancy for experienced secretary/shorthand-typist with good knowledge of French. Spanish an asset. Permanent position. Retirement scheme. Holiday bonus. Replies, etc., Box 10595.

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ADMINISTRATIVE secretary (woman), 23-45, some book-keeping, for architect's office. Salary to £15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY liking varied occupation incl. housekeeping in private house of artist/inventor in Kens. 'Au pair' & salary. Comf. accom. Reliability & interest prefd to exp. WES. 1302 or Box 10845.

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DESIGN Research Unit has interesting vacancy for lively intelligent girl with aptitude for organising, as secretary to design department working under Senior Partner. Age 20-25, good education, impeccable shorthand/typing, some experience essential. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Duke St, W1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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THE ROYAL BALLET

Last week of Season

Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15

7 Sept.	The Rake's Progress, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, The Lady and the Fool
8 Sept.	The Lady and the Fool, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, Les Rendezvous
9 Sept.	Le Lac des Cygnes
10 Sept.	Ondine
11 Sept.	Coppelia, Façade
12 Sept. (mat.)	Coppelia, Façade
12 Sept. (evg.)	Le Lac des Cygnes

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five'. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. Last wks. Ends 12 Sept. 7.30, S. 5 & 8. Th. 2.30. Joan Plowright in 'Roots' by Arnold Wesker. 'It is original and entertaining . . . well produced, admirably acted'. New Statesman.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 7th week, 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Vivien Leigh, Anthony Quayle, Max Adrian, Robert Stephens, Meriel Forbes, in 'Look after Lulu!' by Noel Coward. Transfers to New Theatre on 8 Sept.

UNITY. EUS 5391. 'Take it as Red'. A new revue. Fr., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

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HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s. 6d., at Hall (KEN 8212) and Agents 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society (Conductor Martindale Sidwell). Some vacancies in all voices. Rehearsals (Bach, Schutz, Schubert) commence 9 Sept. at Kynaston School, Finchley Rd., NW8. Apply Mrs Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, NW3. HAM. 1688.

ENTERTAINMENTS

BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
GRAND AUTUMN DANCE
Porchester Hall, Queensway, London, W2
Primrose Bledman and his West Indian Band
MC: Dr David Pitt
Hosts: Fenner Brockway, MP, Donald Chesworth, LCC.
Saturday, 19 September, 7-11.45 p.m.
Tickets 6s. double 3s. 6d. single.
Secretary, BAOSF, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 6 Sept.: 'The Lavender Hill Mob' (U) 'The Music Box' (U) From 7 Sept.: Dhery's 'Femmes De Paris' ((A) London) 'The Little Island' (A).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 6 Sep. Ingmar Bergman's Summer With Monika. (A. Swed.) Twopennyworth of Hope. (A. It.)

BULGARIA'S Liberation Day Celebration Meeting, Fri., 11 Sept., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. New Bulgarian dances & film: 'A Journey through Bulgaria' (1½ hours). Adm. free by tkt. Apply SFB, 42 Tavistock St., Aldwych, WC2, COV. 1453.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY

An Exhibition of Pictures
by
HECTOR WHISTLER
2 to 23 September
Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-7.
Admission free.

FREE Painters' Group 7th Annual Exhibition from 5 October at Woodstock Gallery & Walker's Galleries, New Bond St. Oils, Graphic, Sculpture. Details & forms from Mrs. M. Brooks, Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock St. W1, enclosing s.a.e.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Ettore Colla, Iron Sculpture. Until 19 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats, 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints.) Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 September. Admission 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays, Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition, Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Sculpture by Gudrun Kreuger. Paintings by Maurice Jadot, Klaus J. Fischer, Fritz Ruoff. Till 12 September. Daily 10-6.

GALLERY One, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Prints For The Bedroom. 1-26 September. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Sculpture – Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-19 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters – Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Ceri Richards; Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Larry Bigelow Exhibn, 10-6 Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LEO Baeck Institute of Jews from Germany. Public Meeting, 51 Belsize Square, NW3, Monday, 7 Sept, 8 p.m. Prof. Gershom Scholem (Jerusalem): Juedische Wissenschaft einst und jetzt. Prof. Ernst Simon (Jerusalem): Unser juedisches und europaeisches Bildungsgut. In the Chair: Dr S. Moses (Jerusalem). Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Councillor R. Edmonds, 'Planning in London', Wed., 9 Sept., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 12 September at 6 p.m. Mr W. Grauberg: 'Unknown London'.

FRIENDS House, Euston Road, NW1: Sunday, 6 September, at 6.30 p.m. 'Christ the Light of Men'; speaker Robert Davis.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 11 Sept. 8 p.m. L. A. Fenn: 'Tragedy of Technology and Liberty'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Mon., Wed., Fri.: Guided classes in Russian from 11 Sept. 6.30 p.m.

WHY workers lost the War. 7 p.m. Sunday, 6 September. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1 (nearest Tube, Victoria). Please come along – hear why we oppose the Labour and Communist Parties. Put your questions. Contribute to discussion. Adm. free. Socialist Party of Gt Britain.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N.10: Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 10 Sept., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. 'Krishna as a Teacher of Humanity'. Swami Ghanananda at the Centre, Sun 13 Sept., 5 p.m. Upanishads.

ESPERANTO, the International Language. London Esperanto Club invites you to a Meeting at 7 p.m. on 11 September at 153 Drummond Street, NW1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIAN Socialist Group (Gt Britain). Donald Chesworth, LCC, & MP's, on Chinese Communist Aggression on 'India's Borders', Sat. 5 Sept., 2 p.m., Youssuf Meherally Hostel, 31 Kilburn Park Rd, NW6. All welc.

YOU are a VIP! – you finance the government. But how much do you know about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Taxation, Wages, Profits, Subsidies, etc.? 10-week courses in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begin on Tuesdays & Thursdays, 22 and 24 Sept., at 7 p.m. in Victoria. (Total charge 5s. includes textbook.) Write for prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, or VIC. 4266 – or enrol on opening night.

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LECTURES by Swami Avyaktananda. Caxton Hall, Friday, 11 Sept., 7.30 p.m. 'Zoroastrianism & World Fellowship'; Vegetarian Restnt, 12 Earls Court Rd, W8, Sats. 12 & 26 Sept., 7.30. 'Foundations of Spiritual Communism' & 'The International Situation.'

'FREEWILL and Fate.' Public Lec., Sun., 6 Sept., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD. 0688).

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WEA Central London evening classes in many subjects begin Sept./Oct. Detailed programme to be had now from Miss V. Hassid, c/o WEA, 28 Woburn Sq., WC1. (MUS. 5570 or TER. 2935.) S.a.e. helps.

HOLBORN College of Law, Languages and Commerce. Two full-time day courses, a Russian course (from the beginners to GCE 'A' level) and a Secretarial course with French and German, will commence on 14 September, 1959. Both courses are particularly suitable for school-leavers with good GCEs. Opportunities for study in many other languages. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal, Holborn College, Princeton St, WC1 (1671.)

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Department of Tropical Architecture. Lectures on all aspects of architecture, housing and planning in the tropics will be given in connection with the post-graduate course on tropical architecture at 5 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays beginning on 5 October 1959. The Lectures are open to architects, engineers and others interested in the rapidly developing countries in the tropics. Fees for the full series of lectures lasting two terms will be £25. There are also a few vacancies left for qualified architects who wish to attend the full-time course on Tropical Architecture. Lecture programmes and other information can be obtained from the Tropical Dept, 36 Bedford Sq., WC1.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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AUTUMN weekends at Urchfont Manor: 25-27 Sept. Ingmar Bergman and the Swedish Cinema; 9-11 Oct. The Structure and Origin of the Universe. Cost £2 5s. Details from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

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